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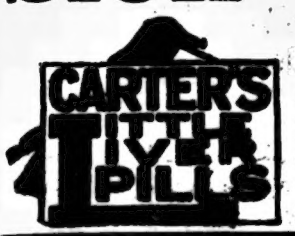

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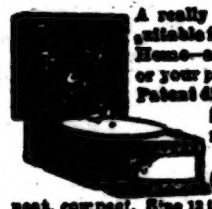

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Bonar Waits.

Mr. Bonar Law is still lying low. He is one of the few statesmen who know how to wait.

The Food Peril.

So we are to have a Clean Milk Bill. But what about the insanitary conditions in which all sorts of other foods are exposed for sale?

Erin's Woes.

The Irish dilemma is complete. The British Government will not recognise an Irish Republic, and de Valera's followers will be content with nothing less. Poor Ireland!

A Missed Opportunity.

What a pity Mr. William Randolph Hearst did not find time to visit the Derby, where he would have learned something about the real character of the British nation!

Expert Evidence.

A case now proceeding in the Courts reminds us of Lord Brampton's famous remark about "Liars, damn liars, and expert witnesses." But, of course, that was years ago.

Not the People.

The "Call to Conservatives" issued by a few Peers and a handful of Members of Parliament reminds us of the Nine Tailors of Tooley Street. The Diehards have had their day.

The Big Stick.

We cannot follow Lord Derby in his belief that the "big stick" is the best means of preserving the peace in Europe. The ex-Kaiser had a similar faith in the "sabre" which plunged the world in blood.

Honours.

Before Parliament rose for the Whitsun recess, the Government managed to prevent a debate on the sale of honours. Of course it would have been so awkward with the Birthday List about to be published.

Beyond the Veil.

The death of Dr. Ellis Powell recalls the remarkable articles upon Spiritualism which he wrote from time to time. If only he could send us a message from the other side!

The Law and Insanity.

The True case has emphasised the defects of the criminal law as regards insanity. The trouble is, of course, that a good many people *know* they are insane, and if they were immune from punishment there would be the devil to pay.

The Birthday List.

The publication of the King's Birthday List follows opportunely upon Lt. Col. Page Croft's article in these columns dealing with the sale of honours. Fancy a baronetcy for a naturalised Dutchman convicted, in 1915, of trading with the enemy! Need we ask why?

Lourdes.

A pathetic sight at this season is the pilgrimage of cripples and chronic invalids to Lourdes hoping for miraculous cures at the famous shrine. In our view this form of faith-healing is a good deal healthier than Coueism and other modern crank "cures." Even Zola would have admitted as much.

Then and Now.

The American Shipping Bill is meant to penalise all shipping that does not fly the Stars and Stripes. Our memory must surely be at fault in thinking it was from the United States we used to hear so much about the Freedom of the Seas.

Sartorial Ignorance.

The artless enquiry of Mr. Justice Lush "What are jumpers?" is a fine sample of the ignorance which is not bliss. But surely our Judges should accumulate a little more worldly knowledge—unless of course, which is more than likely, it was sheer affectation.

Startling News.

According to a witness before the London Chamber of Commerce, hooks and eyes are to disappear as accessories of feminine apparel. More tiresome study for Mr. Justice Lush.

A Humane Profession.

It has been stated, rightly or wrongly, that Armstrong is the first lawyer to be hanged in this country. If we printed a tithe of the rude communications on this subject we have received this week, we should fill the page.

The Sinister Singular.

The Lord Chamberlain has been objecting to a play because there is a scene with a bed in it, although at the Duke of York's Theatre the other day one with three beds was allowed to appear. Possibly three is the statutory minimum. One never knows in these matters.

An Insidious Innovation.

The summing-up of the Judge in a criminal trial ought to be an impartial and balanced pronouncement, and we strongly deprecate the tendency of several present-day occupants of the Bench to usurp the functions of the jury. It is about time this dangerous innovation evoked a strong protest from the Bar.

Brains and Bodies.

To Lord Fortescue's complaint that sickly young people are "kept alive by the fatherly care of the State," Sir John Bland-Sutton, the famous consultant, retorts that "some of the world's most brilliant intellects have been contained in the most frail bodies." So perhaps, with apologies to Lord Fortescue, we had better let them live.

A Remarkable Book.

We have been glancing over Lord Riddell's new book, "Some Things That Matter," and find it full of interest. Especially we like the chapter on "The Art of Public Speaking," with its blunt intimation that "if a speaker has got very little in his head he can get very little out of it."

Think Again.

The Committee presided over by Mr. Justice Avory recommends the Government to abolish the doctrine of coercion by the husband as a defence for a wife charged with crime. In that event married women who infringe the law will have to think of a better excuse.

A Grand Old Man.

We have a fellow feeling for Mr. Thomas Hardy, who says that all his life he has suffered from shyness, and in any case should wish to send him hearty greetings on his 82nd birthday. By the way, we wonder what Dean Inge would have had to say about "Jude the Obscure."

A Cruel Spouse.

We see that a husband in Brooklyn, U.S.A., has obtained a separation from his wife on the ground that for twenty years she has never prepared his breakfast, this neglect being held to amount to cruelty. They understand sex equality across the water.

Striking Figures.

Owing to disputes by ships' joiners and engineers, the launch of an oil tank vessel at Glasgow, constructed by Lord Ivercairn's firm was delayed six months, the men employed on the job losing £185,000 in consequence. Facts like these ought to set sober-minded workers thinking when mob orators prate glibly about the Right to Strike.

A Heinous Offence.

A prosperous farmer named Banks was recently elected Chairman of the Spalding Urban District Council. One of his first duties as a Magistrate was to try a poor fellow for the terrible crime of sleeping under the stars with only twopence in his pocket. He was looking for work, and had walked ten miles to find it. He found it in the form of fourteen days' hard labour at the fiat of the newly-fledged Magistrate. We must keep our eye on Mr. Banks.

Bolshevik Bilkers.

We have evidence that much of the money collected at Communist meetings on behalf of starving children in Russia never leaves this country at all, but is used to bolster up Bolshevist propaganda. A number of honest humanitarians whose sympathy was enlisted by the cry of "Save the Children!" have become seriously perturbed in this connection, and the public would do well to withhold contributions until they can be assured that the fount of charity is not being made a drinking trough for bloodthirsty revolutionaries.

Welsh Selfishness.

The Dolgelly Guardians are trying to resist the pressure of the Health Ministry and the Merioneth Police Committee to re-open the casual wards for vagrants, who at present have nowhere to go but the gasworks and outbuildings. A woman Guardian, Mrs. Morgan, made herself especially prominent in opposition by declaring that "there is a plague of vagrants tramping the country, stalwart and healthy Irishmen who should be sent back to Ireland to work." We think that comes unkindly from a woman, who may owe her life and honour to-day to the very men of whom she spoke so scornfully.

Roses or Thorns?

The convict Conmy put up a gallant fight against the forces of law and order, but when we read of roses thrown into the car in which he was taken back to Parkhurst our sense of proportion revolts. To lionise a prison-breaker is bad for public morality and bad for the prisoner—who is, we hope, regretting the episode for which he is being punished. The roses are irony that might have been spared.

Police Illegalities.

At Norwich the other day a constable, acting on instructions from his superior officer, illegally searched the house of a suspected man, without providing himself with the necessary search-warrant; while at Manchester the police were rightly reprimanded by the Recorder for endeavouring to trick two prisoners into mutually incriminating each other. Such practices are utterly contrary to British Law and Justice, and must be stopped at once!

Liberty of the Subject.

Mr. Forbes Lankester is rapidly qualifying for the right to call himself the Costers' Champion. When a man was arrested at West London for obstruction, Inspector Pinks complained that these costers were making traffic regulation difficult. Exclaimed the Magistrate indignantly, "What's that to the liberty of the subject? These men are trying to earn an honest living, and Heaven knows that is difficult enough nowadays. I refuse to fine a man under such circumstances." Bravo, Mr. Lankester!

The Best Policy.

A tramcar conductor of Nottingham found a wallet containing £22 and some commercial papers, which a passenger inadvertently had left behind. He discovered the name and address of a local business man within, and returned it intact to its owner. "I wish to give a reward," was this gentleman's remark; whereupon he handed the embarrassed car conductor—two oranges! We wish we knew the name of this princely citizen, so that the nation might honour the pride of Nottingham. It is such generosity that keeps men honest. The ordinary man might have bestowed but a monkey-nut!

MOTHERS OF CHILDREN

by CLEMENCE DANE

THE two Guardianship of Infants' Bills, one in the Lords and one in the Commons, were last week referred to a Joint Select Committee for a report as early as possible.

Do women realise what this hopeful sentence means to them? Do many married women realise, not merely know in a vague far-off way, but realise that as the law stands at present their own children do not belong to them?

One mother found it out recently. I condense from the report in a daily paper:—"A woman complained to the Magistrate that her husband had taken her child and would not tell her where it was living. The Magistrate told her that the father was the legal parent and custodian and she could not claim the child. Two days later the father was arrested on another charge. Another woman stated later that she was in charge of the child. The Magistrate told her that if the father had entrusted her with it she must retain it until he claimed it again failing an order of the court to the contrary."

Is it not a dreadful little paragraph? Here in twentieth century England, with its women justices, its women jurors, its women M.P.s, a mother is declared to have no right to the child she has brought into the world. If the father chooses she must resign it, her own flesh and blood, to the care of a stranger.

The two measures under consideration would remedy this crazy state of affairs, and the public could help matters by showing its approval. Yet when the word public is used, thoughts run first to those for whom such a bill can have little personal interest. When the father and mother are happy together the child's good is obviously their joint consideration, their joint delight. It is only in such a case as the one just quoted that the need for help comes. Surely it is little to ask of the thousands of "joyful mothers of children" that they should by giving their interest, their voices, their votes, in favour of the proposed new laws, help the less lucky to the rights that their own happiness renders unnecessary.

London's Juggernauts.

During the first three months of the year the number of street accidents in London reached the enormous total of 10,980, resulting in 130 deaths. The majority of fatalities and casualties were caused by either private motor-cars or commercial vehicles. The car of Juggernaut isn't in it with these motor-cars and vans!

Self-Praise . . .!

Recently we read an article, "Home Comforts in Prison," in praise of the Borstal system. "At length," says the writer, "one seems to see enlightenment piercing the centuries of gloom, of human anguish on the one hand and bigoted maladministration on the other." Admirable, but the screed is admittedly published by "permission of the Commissioners of Prisons"—who are hardly likely to encourage criticisms of themselves.

Shameful Disregard.

Many war memorials throughout the country are already suffering from neglect and impious disrespect. We may cite the case of the Memorial which stands on "the green" in West Green Road, Tottenham, which to-day is the rendezvous of boisterous youth. It is no uncommon thing to see the pillar struck by a flying football, or flowers reverently placed there damaged. Is it no one's business to protect this memorial to the gallant dead?

How Your Money Goes.

One of Colchester's schools seeking a physical drill instructor, the Board of Education had to be consulted. The Chief Inspector of Physical Training in England was instructed to pay a visit, and in solemn conclave with the Borough Inspector of Physical Training, a Woman Inspector, the General Inspector for the Eastern Counties and the Head Master of the school, the candidates' qualifications were duly discussed. The combined salaries of the officials concerned amount to £4,000 per annum. And that's how your money goes.

Discrepant Treatment.

Men lately discharged from the Army complain bitterly of their treatment in respect of gratuities, as compared with that extended to discharged officers, who are receiving grants altogether out of proportion to their services. It appears, too, that in the case of long service-men, a mean trick is being resorted to with the object of reducing pensions—"boy service," as in the case of those who joined as lads, being deducted from their time, so as to bring them under a lower scale of pension than otherwise would be the case. Disgraceful!

A Horse and its Owner.

In our issue of May 27th last, we published a Candid Communication to Colonel Groom, Chairman of the Walsingham Justices, in which it was alleged that Mr. Edwin Rivett, of Church Road, Great Walsingham, had been convicted of gross cruelty to a horse. Upon enquiry we find that our remarks should have related to a dealer named William Bailey, summoned at the same Court on the same day, the charge against Mr. Rivett having been of a most trivial kind, in respect of which no conviction was recorded. We extremely regret any annoyance to which Mr. Rivett may have been subjected on account of the paragraph, which, if the facts had been accurately reported to us, we should certainly not have published.

Pity the Poor Bachelor!

It was all very well for Judge Sir Alfred Tobin at Westminster to make an order of £5 a month against a debtor, when the plaintiff was willing to accept £2, simply on the grounds that the man was a bachelor earning £8 a week. Many an unmarried man carries as heavy an economic burden as a Benedick.

A Million for Housing.

The housing promises of the Government having proved to be so much pie-crust, it is satisfactory to note that a number of big Yorkshire coal and iron concerns have formed a company with a capital of a million pounds for the purpose of building houses for their employees. If the statement is correct that it will not trade for profit, it is a step in the right direction.

A Y.M.C.A. Problem.

In the eyes of some of the members of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, the Y.M.C.A. is shockingly sinful. Professor John R. Mackay strongly deprecated the fact that the Association provided smoking-rooms, billiard tables, and promiscuous dancing and theatre-going, while the Rev. Alex. Stewart declared that it was a Christian course to try and put the Association right. Hoots!

Ready for Action.

Privates Tye and Stubbs have their wits about them, and their conduct is evidence that the British Tommy is as good at saving life as taking it. When Dorothy Gates swallowed poison, Stubbs promptly administered an emetic while Tye phoned for the doctor. The Magistrates discharged the girl; but in case they omitted to congratulate the men, we do so on their behalf—and our own!

German Dolls.

It is difficult to imagine how any mother widowed by the war could bear to see her little one lavish her affections on a doll fashioned possibly by the very hands which slew her father. Yet some short-sighted and unpatriotic toy merchants placed large orders with German firms for elaborately contrived dolls. It is gratifying to discover that many of them now find difficulty in obtaining delivery of the goods.

Sold into Slavery.

Perhaps the most despicable scoundrel breathing English air to-day is a creature named Harry Shubotham, who has been sent to prison for a paltry three weeks for neglecting his five children. The most infamous of his acts was to sell one of his little ones to a wandering showman for the sum of seventy shillings. The betrayal by Judas for a smaller amount was not more perfidious. Three years, rather than three weeks, should have been his portion.

A Woeful Wooing.

Mr. Albert Littlewood, of Shepherd's Bush, is about as unconscionable a jilter as can well be. Having courted Miss Sumner for seven years, he fixed the date of the wedding, remaining in her company until 12 the previous night. Next day he "had the cheek and impudence" to wire her to "cancel everything." In the Middlesex Sheriff's Court he explained that he hadn't refused to marry the girl, but some money he expected had not arrived. Perhaps it will arrive in time to pay Miss Sumner her £100 damages.

Quick Work.

As bacon is still a great deal too dear in this country, few of us will hesitate to welcome the product of Uncle Sam's hog as it is now coming in, nine days only after it has squealed its last in Chicago. Too long have the Danes and the Dutchmen had the British bacon market their own way. A little American competition will tend to do our pockets a bit of good, and, with the bacon at its best, our stomachs no harm.

The Nimble Halfpenny.

Now that the Postmaster-General is kind enough to let us send picture postcards home from the seaside for a halfpenny, to say nothing of the other blessings of reduced postage, the "bawbee" is coming into its own again. And don't forget you can now post the JOHN BULL Free Home Insurance Coupon for a halfpenny—an act, by the way, which some day may save you hundreds of pounds.

Defence and Expense.

Appearing on behalf of a motorist charged with exceeding the speed limit, a Dunfermline solicitor stated that his client pleaded guilty "to save expense." It is a fact that in many parts of Scotland the law is brought into contempt daily by the prohibitive cost of defence, and persons accused of minor offences no longer consider it worth while to assert their innocence. Such a state of affairs is worse than ridiculous—it is subversive of justice.

Asking for Trouble.

There are all the elements of a serious labour trouble at the metropolitan terminus of the London and South Western Railway, owing to the way in which a miscellaneous assortment of carmen, shunters, signalmen, van-boys and messengers, mostly from Nine Elms, come up to Waterloo after their day's work is done, and usurp the duties of the regular porters. The principle of "live and let live" seems to have been forgotten by these gratuity grabbers, but it seems to us the Railway Company has a serious responsibility in the matter. The sooner they discharge themselves of it, the better.

Slav Savages.

When the Glasgow Celtic Football Club went to Prague, it was to play the game. The Celts were practically kicked to pieces, and may have to return home without completing their Continental tour. Apparently in some parts of the world people have but a crude notion of the meaning of the word "sport."

False Economy.

Economy is good when wisely directed. This cannot be said of the Post Office proposal to reduce the existing two deliveries in the sub-districts of London to one in order to save £50,000 a year and throw 300 postmen out of their jobs. If unemployment is the net result of any scheme of "economy," it is much better not to desert the old track.

Wits Win.

Many a man who is bewailing his bad luck over the draw of a Derby Sweepstake would do well to turn his attention to our "Bullets" Competition—in which wits win, and chance plays no part whatever. Again we are offering a First Prize of £1,000 in this fascinating pastime, full particulars of which will be found on page 25. Send in your witty line at once.

"Stage Perils."

It was unfortunate that in a recent article in this journal, "Traps for the Stage-struck," by Mr. Albert Voyce, Chairman of the Variety Artists' Federation, the name of Mr. Ben Whitworth should have been mentioned as that of a "bogus manager." In fairness to Mr. Whitworth it must be admitted that this description was not just. It is true that the revue "All the Best," which Mr. Whitworth was running, did not have the best of luck, but the proprietor did all he could to retrieve the situation, and the earnings of the company during the unsuccessful part of the run were as high as could be expected. The subject is one upon which we feel strongly, and we are therefore the more anxious to be just in dividing the sheep from the goats.

IGNORANCE about INDUSTRIAL TROUBLES

by ARNOLD BENNETT

LAST week in the City of London a great scrap occurred between the police and the unemployed. It seems to be admitted that there were serious casualties in both armies, that one-legged ex-Servicemen were injured, that at least one policeman was seriously bitten, that crowbars, trestles and truncheons were used, that property was damaged, and that the fire-brigade were called out with hose to baptise the unruly.

But who started the fray the public does not surely know. According to one account the unemployed were savagely attacked by the police; according to the other the police were savagely attacked by the unemployed.

The public ignorance of the rights of the deplorable affair is characteristic of its ignorance of the rights of the two most important questions of the day—unemployment and the engineering lock-out. The unemployed get tired of suffering, but that is no reason why the daily papers should get tired of dealing with unemployment.

Nearly every day I am rung up by one newspaper or another to give my opinion on some perfectly footling topic. No newspaper has asked me for my views about unemployment. Why? Because editors no longer regard unemployment as a live subject. It is the livest of all subjects. and will be; and all serious people much regret that it is not fully ventilated.

Then take the great lock-out, whose results have been everywhere felt. Is there one man in ten thousand (outside engineering circles) who could give any coherent idea of the dispute? There is not. No clear, impartial statement for popular reading has ever appeared. And even no simple understandable partisan statement has ever appeared. The public has been to blame for its apathy; but both sides in the quarrel have been to blame for their absurdly bad propaganda.

It would pay both sides in any industrial dispute to pay for advertising their arguments provided the propaganda was at once sincere and journalistically skilful. It never is. It fails in one or both of the two essential qualities. And the country suffers for the country's ignorance.

WHY CRIME FLOURISHES

Octopus of Vice that Grows Unchecked

IT is a great pity that such a live and far-famed organisation as that which exists at Scotland Yard should have its fair name besmirched by the unpardonable indiscretions of the few. These few form a nucleus which is nothing more or less than a canker in the Police Force, and until it is absolutely cut away, the Octopus of Vice, which spreads its poisoned tentacles around the West End of London, will continue to flourish at such a rate that the menace will become a positive nightmare to every decent-minded person.

Bishops have written and preached on the subject of vice at such length, "anti" societies have poured out thousands of pounds in propaganda to such an extent, that the topic has become almost wearisome by reiteration. It is true that here and there certain practices have been stopped, only to be restarted with renewed and greater energy in another part of the cesspool. So much so, in fact, that the evils which existed ten years ago have been allowed to flourish and multiply a hundredfold.

And why? Simply because the moralists have merely thrown a dart and caused a surface wound on one of the tentacles of the octopus instead of attacking the vital spot—the hand that allows the brute to feed and thrive, almost unmolested. Money talks, and nowhere louder than in the West End of London.

It is a fact that has never been challenged that plain clothes constables, who are supposed to keep observation on gaming and disorderly houses, receive regularly from the owners substantial tips to turn a blind eye on the many comings and goings of their patrons. The more exalted in rank, the larger the bribe, and not very long ago particulars were placed before high authorities of a case in which an important divisional officer was receiving nearly £100 weekly from various wrongdoers in his area, anxious to keep on the right side of the police.

And to illustrate how openly this corrupt traffic is carried on, it may be stated that a sergeant was detailed for the purpose of collecting the money. Yet no punishment was meted out to the culprit. Indeed, many similar cases have been reported, and are constantly being brought to the notice of the high officials, yet little or no disciplinary action is taken.

Why, may we ask, should there be any difficulty in distinguishing between the legitimate night club, against which we have no complaint, and the illicit variety, when almost every person who makes a habit of frequenting the West End nightly can guide you to one or the other at a moment's notice, and allow you to see the flutterings of the modern butterfly?

Of course raids have been made on certain notorious night haunts. Convictions have been secured. But should we be very wide of the mark were we to suggest that in other cases where the evidence has not been strong enough to secure a conviction, the chief culprits have been given ample warning that a raid on their premises was imminent?

Might we judiciously inquire, also, into the perquisites obtained from the women who ply their trade around the environs of Leicester Square? We are not here discussing the question as to whether the men or the women are to blame, but so long as the police countenance the practice so long will respectable girls be subject to gross insult.

Corruption in the police force has been allowed to go unchecked for so long that some of the men have almost developed a belief that it is part of the day's work to shield the guilty. At all events it is of no infrequent occurrence for innocent persons to be made to serve the ends of some police officers.

Take, for example, the question of promotion. An officer must have a certain number of "cases" to his credit before he can be deemed a suitable candidate for higher rank.

Here is an illustration of how he goes to work. By "accident" he meets a man who has done time for housebreaking. He is given a few shillings and put "wise" to the situation.

The old hand gets in touch with a mug who is not particular as to how he secures a little money or goods. A scheme is arranged to burgle a certain place. The "mug" is given a jemmy to go to one side of the building, and is immediately pounced on by waiting officers, while the old hand goes free.

"Keep on good terms with the constable on your beat by making sure that his palm is 'well oiled,'" has become a sound axiom among those who make a living in the West End underworld. Even publicans and bookmakers are compelled to pay toll, whenever called upon to do so.

When police dinners and concerts are arranged sergeants cajole their friends, the publicans and bookmakers, to buy £20 worth or so of tickets, 50 per cent. of which will be handed back to the officer to resell, and pocket the balance.

What a game it is to be sure! We have still got a lot more to say on this subject, but meantime we again call upon the Chief Commissioner to get into action—and quickly.

OFFICIAL INGRATITUDE

Sad Plight of a War Widow

INGRATITUDE has rarely been more callous than in the case of a young widow.

The evidence comes from a clergyman in India, the father of the lost husband, who was badly wounded at Mons, ordered back to the trenches too early, and finally invalided out of the Army with a small pension for himself, wife, and children. Suffering acutely, he was told that his only hope was a warmer climate. For two years he strove incessantly to move the authorities to send him home to India. Then the order came—but too late. While crossing the Red Sea fever claimed another victim.

That is only part of the tragedy. Before sailing the wife was given £10, representing six weeks' pension in advance. At the same time she was informed that if her husband should die, her pension would be sent to her in India. Instead of getting her allowance the widow has been shown a cablegram sent to the Officer in Charge of Military Accounts at the Indian Station which reads: "Pay no more money to widow."

Why? We always understood that our huge Pensions Ministry, with its myriad limpets, was established to see that justice was done to ex-Service men and their dependants!

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY

A Red Blot on the White Ensign

MANY people are under the comfortable delusion that the brutal floggings which disgraced the British Navy during the last century have been entirely abolished.

They have not.

When a Liberal Government swept into power in 1906, one of its first reforms was to order the abolition of the birch in the Royal Navy. Even the administration of the cane was suppressed to some extent, inasmuch as such punishments were ordered to be carried out in private.

In the autumn of 1917, however, a change was made as a war-time measure, and the birch was reintroduced to punish certain offences committed by ratings under 18 years of age.

It was admitted in Parliament that it was administered in a number of cases in 1921, though as regards canings no records are kept.

The manner in which youthful offenders are to-day being flogged in the British Navy is barbarous and revolting. As many as twenty-four strokes may be ordered.

The culprit's wrists and ankles are secured, and his body is exposed naked below the waist. A Petty Officer detailed for the duty takes his stand by him, armed with a birch which has been pickled in brine and hardened and suppled to the consistency of wire.

He raises the fearful instrument and lays on the first stroke with all the force of which his arm is capable. The boy writhes in agony. His tormentor pauses. There is no hurry. Indeed, the ceremony seems to exercise a malignant fascination over him.

A second, a third, and a fourth blow follow, and he is indeed a bungler if he does not draw blood with the first half-dozen. When he has delivered twelve, another man with a fresh birch takes his place, and carries on the sickening, degrading process.

The horrible scene towards the end of the punishment baffles description. The boy is released from the rack and carried in a fainting condition to the sick bay to have his wounds dressed and be kept under observation for twelve hours in case he should do himself an injury.

Lads who have been flogged in this brutal fashion have been known to cut off the first finger of the right hand to gain their discharge, rather than face the possibility of undergoing it again.

Is it not time this brutalising form of punishment was swept away entirely?

WASHED OUT!

Cleansing Casuals' Clothing

ONE should preserve some respect even for the property of a tramp, but respect for property does not appear to be a strong point at the Brentford Workhouse. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we must explain that if a tramp applies for shelter at a Casual Ward, he is given a night's lodging and required to do a day's work, allowed to remain the next night and then to depart.

At the Brentford Casual Ward during the heat wave, after the confraternity of the road had retired to bed, all their clothing was taken from them for the purpose of cleansing. When the garments were returned the next morning the men scarcely recognised them. They had been subjected to some steaming process in a boiler which was so drastic as to amount almost to destruction. Stuck together by the intense heat of the operation, some of them tore in pieces as they were being separated—while, as regards colour, a suit originally blue came out a sort of dingy yellow.

Clothes belonging to needy men are scarcely likely to be of a quality to withstand such heroic methods.

We would suggest that the Workhouse Authorities had better make the process of destruction still more thorough, and provide the casuals with a new outfit.

NON-INTERVENTION — MORE OR LESS !

(A Bill for the subsidising of American shipping, now before Congress, is designed to drive European shipping from American waters.)

SHIPPING BOSS (of Boston, U.S.A.) :—"Step lively with that 'ere shell, Cyrus. We sure can't save their souls, but at least we can sink their ships!"

Our Weekly KINEMA

Performing animals will now
No longer be the rage,
Though some may still contrive somehow
To linger on the stage.

In Honours Lists they ought to put,
For public information,
This simple statement at the foot
"Price list on application."

This custom of the secret bribe,
A League is out to break;
To put an end to all the tribe
Of those who "put and take."

Here's John Bull trying hard, you see,
To follow Northcliffe's plan;
And keep one eye on Germany
The other on Japan

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To FRED HENDERSON, Esq., J.P., Norwich.

SIR.—I am sorry that you incurred the wrath of your brother Magistrates by your remark that four small boys who were being fined by the Bench for playing banker were only doing, in a small and squalid way what the Magistrates did in a respectable way. In resenting your very human remarks the other Magistrates certainly showed great lack of intelligence as well as the absence of a sense of humour. However, I expect you will survive their displeasure.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Coroner GRAHAM, Durham.

SIR,—The heat wave seems to have mounted to your head and overwhelmed any ideas you ever had of law and justice, let alone politeness. When a medical witness declared his intention of taking the oath in Scottish fashion, you blurted out, "Why on earth quibble about it on such a hot day? You are in England now, and if you don't take the oath I will either commit you or refuse to take your evidence!" When the doctor rightly protested you rudely ejaculated, "Fiddle-de-dee! Is the Book too heavy for you to hold?" As you seem to know so little about either, let me tell you that your knowledge of the law is as bad as your manners.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. MOSS, Member of the Board of Guardians, Staines.

SIR.—In appointing a junior clerk your Board passed over the claims of an experienced ex-Service man of 30 with a wife and two children, and selected a mere boy. When a fellow-member pointed out that the unsuccessful candidate had served his country in time of need, you retorted, "That has nothing to do with it." Pardon me for reminding you that it has *everything* to do with it, and your remark convicts you of base ingratitude. At the next election of Guardians I hope the good people of Staines will not overlook this little episode. JOHN BULL.

To A. HOPKINSON, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR SIR.—In order to illustrate the fact that it doesn't really matter a row of beans what anyone says in the House of Commons, you have been entertaining your constituents with a story of how you once, at the request of a member of the Government, talked for 45 minutes about theodolites, in order to give Mr. Asquith time to make an after-dinner speech elsewhere. Many thanks for so amusingly demonstrating that the Gas House has become a place where time and energy alike are wasted. JOHN BULL.

To F. L. FOTHERGILL, Esq., ex-Mayor of Ossett, Yorks.

MY DEAR SIR.—Though 83 years of age, you are walking from Ossett to Bridlington and back, a distance of 150 miles, for a wager with a fellow-townsman. I admire your pluck, which is in keeping with your record in the war, when you joined up, though then 75, and actually got across to France I hope by the time you read this you will have won your wager, and be feeling quite fit after your experience. JOHN BULL.

To J. H. DONALDSON, Esq., 62, Woodville Road, Golders Green.

SIR.—You have been expelled from the Edgware Golf Club for making humorous proposals in the "suggestion book." Hard luck! But you really ought to know better than to be funny about such a sacred subject as golf, especially where the Committee is of Scottish origin. Try skittles for a change, and I feel sure you will be appreciated. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, High Commissioner for Palestine.

RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR.—I don't know whether you are aware of it, but it is we poor British taxpayers who have to pay for your present activities in Palestine. Imagine my disgust, then, at those disclosures about the enormous concessions you have made to a Russian Jew with German trade relations, Mr. Pinhas M. Rutenberg. You will hear more about this in a few days. Meanwhile, I may inform you that the worm has turned. We are a long-suffering race, but we decline to go on any longer on the "Put all, take none" principle. JOHN BULL.

To HENRY WILLIAM BLOW, Sydney Road, Southampton.

SIR.—Willie Wyles is a little chap of ten. He was kicking a ball about the street when it went over into your premises and he went after it. Whereupon you seized him and thrashed him so unmercifully with a cane that you drew blood and the poor kiddie was practically stunned. The Bench fined you £3, with the option of 21 days' imprisonment, but as they do not appear to have told you what you were, I will endeavour to supply the omission. A cowardly bully! JOHN BULL.

To WILLIAM STACEY, Cheslyn Hay, Staffs.

Sir.—You are at present serving a month's imprisonment for an act of atrocious cruelty to a pit pony. The details are so horrible that I do not care to repeat them, but enough to say that the poor beast died of peritonitis next day after suffering acute agony. Colliers are sportsmen, and acts of this kind are so rare that I feel sure your mates will make it warm for you when you come out. This would compensate for the Magistrate's omission to order you a few strokes of the cat. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. FATHER PAYNE, The Presbytery, Mansfield.

DEAR FATHER.—It was absurd that, owing to the canting humbug which dominates our legislators, you had to go to Ireland to conduct the Derby Sweep which you had promoted for the benefit of your church building fund. You say you see no essential difference between a sweepstake and a raffle for a cake at a bazaar. I agree with you, except that the latter probably causes the winner indigestion.

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to COM. VISCOUNT CURZON, R.N.R., Curzon House, Mayfair.

I see you have just been fined, for the seventeenth time, for breaking the motoring laws, and to make it worse you were cheeky to the policeman. Any idea you may have that Viscounts are above the law should be got rid of as soon as possible. As a Member of Parliament your example to motorists is deplorable.

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Rev. CARTMEL ROBINSON, Vicar of St. Michael's, Bedford Park, W.

I like your remark that "A dog would sooner go to hell with his master than to heaven without him." It shows feeling and understanding—good qualities which, with many others, I have observed in you before. Bedford Park is lucky. JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Mr. THOMAS ROBINSON, Junr., Tailor, Blackpool.

Though you are 66, I see you have been fined for assaulting your father, who is 86, because you didn't like your supper. You are getting a big boy now, and these exhibitions of naughty temper must be subdued. I don't like unruly children. JOHN BULL.

Five Friends are waiting to do you a good turn. See page 27.

Horatio Bottomley

The Romance of a Remarkable Career

by CHARLES PILLEY

NOW that the hubbub has died down a little and the imaginative scribes of Fleet Street have had their fling, I want to say a few words about Horatio Bottomley which have not yet been said. The last time I saw him was at his flat in King Street in December, when in the quiet conversational tones which were always his he told me that in the course of a week or two he would be no longer editing JOHN BULL, his connection with it being entirely severed. He assumed that in all likelihood I should be asked to take his place. I had some inkling of the course that events were taking, and did not affect surprise.

The man was under a cloud. Already one could plainly hear the rumblings of the storm. We chatted for a while upon general topics, and as I rose to go we shook hands, both feeling that in a sense it was a final parting. Since then the crash has come.

AS I write Horatio Bottomley, my intimate journalistic colleague for the space of nine years, is a convicted criminal, eating out his heart in the loneliness and silence of Wormwood Scrubbs. But I would shake his hand again, cordially, and in the deepest sympathy. I do not know, and do not care to know, the extent of his guilt.

I am bound as a citizen to acquiesce in the verdict of the jury, and I dare not impugn the fairness of the trial; but I am not bound to kick a man when he is down or to join in the conspiracy which has for its object the further blackening of his memory. For with many faults Horatio Bottomley had his virtues, some of them of the sterling order.

Light, flippant, casual at times he may have been—careless in fields where caution was the prime essential; but always he had a heart alive to the claims of human pity, and in all his long record he never turned his back on a friend. Knowing all this, I will not hear him vilified as though his character were a compound of every vice. It is easy to slander a man who is behind prison doors; also it is unfair, unsportsmanlike, un-English. It is about as courageous as flinging stones at a bulldog who is safe on his chain.

I first met Horatio Bottomley in the early spring of 1913, when he was actively editing JOHN BULL, and I was an occasional contributor to its columns. I have, during the past two years, often recalled that interview. I was a struggling barrister, with no thought of a journalistic career, and I shall never forget the kindly and tactful encouragement with which Bottomley directed my steps into the path in which I have since attained a modest degree of fame and fortune. It was all done without a hint of patronage, and with that inimitable charm of manner which, as I was afterwards to learn, could turn even his rebukes into pleasantries that left no sting.

In many respects—and I am not ashamed to say it in the hour of his downfall—I found in Bottomley a kindred spirit. I suppose that was the secret of our long and close association in the work of JOHN BULL, and the reason why, in nine years of active collaboration, no cross word ever passed between us.

There were vast fields of his experience which were entirely outside my ken. I knew nothing of, and cared less about, the tangled skein of finance. It was a thing we never discussed. I thought of his Bond Clubs and similar enterprises as a hobby which would have bored me to tears.

I never shared his gambling propensities. On some other points we had little in common. But when he discussed mankind and its

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

miseries, womanhood and its woes, the birthright of children, and the right to be happy, which he claimed for every human being, I was aware of an answering echo in every fibre of my mind.

THAT this was the real Bottomley, just as much as the gambler and the financier, I knew from intimate daily association. If I may say so in all modesty, he could not deceive me. We found quite early in our journalistic partnership that neither of us could tell lies to the other. It was a useful discovery, which served to admit one to the innermost privacies of his thought.

The great gifts of tolerance and charity were his in fullest measure. I have never heard him utter an intolerant word or pass an uncharitable censure. If a tale of depravity were unfolded, "Poor devil!" was his comment, with a shrug of genuine pity; if a complaint of poverty or destitution, "Can I help?" Surely something of all this can be remembered to his credit in this black hour.

I hope I have caught something of the spirit of tolerance that was his. At any rate I can never find it in my heart to hurl the javelins of moral censure; I am not good enough. Rather am I inclined to take my stand with the famous Puritan divine who, as he watched some poor human derelict shuffling along the street, exclaimed, "There but for the grace of God goes John Bradford." That is how I feel about it all.

WHAT do I know of Bottomley's temptations, of his incurable propensities, of the texture of his inmost character? As with all of us, no doubt, there was the warp and the woof, the light and the shade, the gold and the dross. I saw him in almost every relation of life. I worked with him in politics, and knew his zest for the game. I knew the things that made him happy and the things which upon rare occasion made him angry. I have seen his face flushed with passion at the ill-treatment of a child or animal.

For the smug conventions of middle-class society he had an unconcealed contempt, and with it the courage of his convictions; and the conventions, if you like, have had their revenge. Never ashamed of an honest human impulse, he had less cant about him than any man living.

AMONG his intimates there was a quality of nakedness about his spoken thoughts which at times had the effect of cynicism. I think he is almost the only man I ever knew who really thought aloud. I daresay he may have tampered with the moral code—which of us has not?

Some faults are unpunishable by the State, while others, no more culpable, fall within the category of crime. Our code is capricious. Worst of all there seems to be an unwritten convention that when once a man has an entry against his name in the criminal records it is incumbent upon persons of taste to forget all the good they ever knew of him.

With one or two exceptions not a good word has been said for Horatio Bottomley since the prison doors clanged behind him.

I knew the wayward spirit which animated that rugged frame, tearing him at times like some evil demon which no human effort could control. I knew, too, the iron self-restraint which at times held him back when impulses which in most men would have been irresistible prompted him to some course of action which did not square with his ideas of "sportsmanship."

I can picture the man in his lonely cell at Wormwood Scrubbs, as in solitude and misery he gazes upon the wreckage of a career that might have been among the greatest of our time. If any man or woman can contemplate such a tragedy with no more human impulse than to exclaim, "Serve him right!" I do not envy him or her.

The punishment awarded to Horatio Bottomley is as bad almost as that which we mete out to murderers; and never in his life did he harbour hate in his heart.

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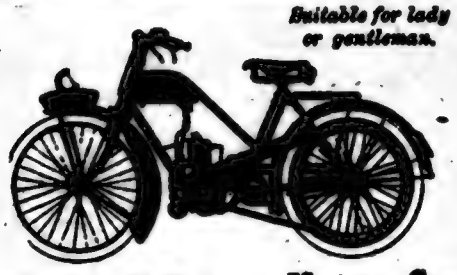

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BREAKING HEARTS

Amazing Asylums Board Circular

CERTAIN Metropolitan Asylums Board officials would appear to be more fitted to be inmates of institutions for the mentally deficient than to have the control of them. A circular sent out from the Caterham Mental Hospital certainly has every appearance of having been drafted by a lunatic.

A little lad named Digby, who formerly lived with his parents at Acton, is slightly mentally deficient, and his father voluntarily had him removed from a local school to the Darenth Training Colony, in the hope that as a result of the treatment there he might recover the full use of his faculties. After a time, however, becoming dissatisfied with the progress which the little fellow was making, and feeling very uncertain regarding his comfort and happiness at that institution, he wrote asking that the boy should be allowed to return home.

In spite of repeated requests, he failed to prevail upon the authorities to fall in with his wishes. The distress which this attitude occasioned the parents was intensified a hundredfold by the receipt of a circular letter stating that the boy had been admitted as a patient to the Caterham Mental Hospital, Surrey.

Seeking for an explanation of this unexpected move, they read through the document and came upon this amazing concluding paragraph:—

"It is often very desirable that on the death of a patient, a *post-mortem* examination of the body should be made. It will be assumed, unless I hear to the contrary, that no objection is entertained on the part of the relative or friends of this patient to such examination being made if hereafter deemed necessary."

What would any parents imagine on reading these lines? They came to the very natural conclusion that their child had been taken so seriously ill that it had been necessary to transfer him suddenly to this hospital for attention, and that he was lying at the point of death.

Upon enquiries being made, it transpired that the lad was just as well as usual, and had been transferred because it was thought he would have a better chance of recovery under treatment there for which there were no facilities at Darenth.

The form of circular has been in use for many years.

How many more hearts may have been broken in this brutal fashion!

A STAIN ON THE COUNTRY

Starvation in a Land of Plenty

WHILE deaths from starvation and privation have been sensibly reduced throughout England and Wales during the past few years, it is none the less appalling to note that the most recent records show that during twelve months there were four in London and twenty-eight in the Provinces.

That there should have been even so few as four preventable deaths of this character in the richest and greatest city of the Empire is a deplorable fact; but we would not suggest that they arose either from indifference or neglect on the part of the authorities charged with the succour and prevention of destitution.

More likely, the victims, either through ignorance or sheer apathy, failed to take advantage of any of the various forms of relief which London almost lavishly provides.

In the year 1913 there were twenty such deaths in London; and the subsequent reduction is doubtless largely due to the fact that several of the Metropolitan Unions have caused notices to be placed in the common lodging-houses and shelters, giving the names and addresses of Relieving Officers, and inviting sick or destitute persons to apply for aid.

Ten of these twenty-eight deaths in the Provinces occurred in the counties of Durham and Lancashire—five in each; and we cannot regard the fact as other than a reproach to those respective areas.

It is painful to realise that in two such broad and wealthy counties, richly endowed as they are by nature, ten unhappy creatures should have been unable to secure sufficient sustenance to keep life in them.

That these tragedies need not have occurred no one will dispute; and we have no doubt that had the helpful system of guidance and advice which is found in London been adopted by the provincial Poor Law Authorities, they would have been greatly reduced.

CELLAR CINDERELLA

Brutal Father and Motherless Girl

CINDERELLA of the pantomime attained a Prince's castle. The subject of the present story preferred the Workhouse Infirmary to her father's home.

When Gladys Sharp's mother died, she lived in dread of her father. She was only a child of twelve, and to her he must have appeared worse than the worst ogre of any fantastical fairy tale.

He was a miner, of Ladycroft, Bolton-on-Dearne, and from the moment her mother died he made her life a misery. She became the drudge of the house, doing all the work by day and sleeping on a sofa downstairs at night, while her father and two brothers slept in beds upstairs.

Even so, her sleep was not peaceful, for her father on one occasion went downstairs and kicked her under her breast as she lay asleep.

When she escaped and spent an evening at a local cinema, he locked her in a dark coal cellar and left her there all night, heedless of her pitiful cries to be released.

Small wonder that she told the Magistrates she would rather remain in the Union Infirmary, to which the N.S.P.C.C. had taken her.

Richard Sharp, the brutal father, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for his cruelty.

Would that it might have been two years!

WHEN JUSTICE SLEEPS

Two Callous Curs—and a Mere Dog

NO more damnable case of cruelty to an animal has ever been brought to our notice than the inhuman treatment meted out to a collie dog by two brothers, George William and Bernard Maskrey, of Matlock, who were charged before the local Bench.

Irritated by the noise made by the dog, these callous brutes placed the animal in a sack, and threw it down the shaft of an abandoned lead mine. Two days later the dog was heard feebly yelping, and with great difficulty was brought to the surface, so terribly exhausted that it was mercifully shot.

It is almost impossible to conceive the horrible torture suffered by the hapless animal, lying for two days and nights in the depths of the mine. In its agony it had gnawed its own vitals. Yet the Bench, with all the ugly details of the case before them, passed the paltry sentence of one month's hard labour.

The Chairman complained that advice had reached them from London as to how they should treat the case. "The Bench does not need advice," he said. He is wrong. Magistrates capable of punishing so lightly so atrocious an offence need, not only "advice," but elementary instruction in their judicial duties.

LONDON'S PLAGUE SPOTS

Where the Soul of Youth is Seared

by The Rev. CLARENCE MAY

THERE are few people who, passing by a woman of the streets, can guess at the awful tragedy that lies behind her painted face. There are even fewer still who realise that prostitution is just murder—just cold, callous, slow murder, and not so slow at that.

I have talked with doctors who know, and they tell me that the average life of a prostitute is from three to five years—and that if she turns away from the life and marries her children may be blind monstrosities.

I write this because I know that, in certain quarters, the traffic in filth is rapidly on the increase. I am no cold-blooded puritan, and I think I meet most normal men and women on a sane ground of understanding when I say that Love and Passion come from God, and accordingly the fulfilment of the law of nature must make the crown of manhood and the crown of womanhood complete.

I ASK the ordinary man and woman, whose desire it is to bring healthy happy children into the world, are you going to let the "Social Evil" grow? It is growing, and you can curb it if you want to.

As I write I have certain facts before me, and I make a very definite suggestion that a good deal more vice is spread by the dirty little shops trading in more than dubious goods than is definitely supposed. These places, which have always been associated with Villiers Street and Charing Cross Road, are now making their way into every large town in England.

Now, it is not so much what is seen in the window—though that is often bad enough; it is what is kept in the locked drawer behind the counter, which if a customer seems a "likely" one he will certainly not leave without seeing.

EXPERIENCED salesmen have a very keen eye for youth, and a lad of eighteen, or a little older, will be led into conversation by such a phrase as, "I see you're interested in this kind of thing"—and then for a few shillings will be supplied with foully suggestive pictures and "classical" books.

From this sort of contagion the normal adult is more or less immune; but at an impressionable age incalculable harm may be wrought by the power of evil suggestion.

The callous profiteers by this disgraceful traffic are careful to keep just outside the scope of the Criminal Law—and even when they prove themselves "too clever" and do overstep the line, despite the rapid growth of this venomous trade and the extreme danger to the race both mentally, morally and physically, prosecutions for the sale of obscene pictures and other offensive matter are extremely rare.

At the beginning of the war I was once in a large marquee with several hundred hungry men home from a route march. Dinner was late. After waiting some time, more or less patiently, a common impulse seized them, and with one accord they began to hammer the table to the cry of "We-want-our-grub"—and the grub came.

A philosophical sergeant standing by me said, "That's life, that is. Make a song about it, and the top dogs take notice."

That *is* life, and we have something to make a song about, and we have to make a song about it. And when we do, the authorities will take notice all right.

IT is said that Englishmen don't like posing as moralists, and it is true that no decent man likes posing as anything—but this is no pose, this is no squeemish objection. This is a deadly and a dastardly business that deserves a knock-out blow.

I might refer to the misery of the lives of the women on the streets, or the certainty of the spread of suffering and disease. Instead I will remind you that the most powerful part of a nation is the part that is out of sight.

Just pause to remember the men who gave their lives for a better England, and then think of the kiddies yet unborn who have a right to be born into a better England—and then by their sides put those callous fiends who are ready to make their profit at the expense of anybody's health or morals.

LET us get up on our hind legs and shout—and shout together—and shout with all our might, "We don't want your smut!" Maybe, if we shout loud enough and long enough, the police will come along to see what we're shouting about.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

SOME people are never tired of saying that the age of romance is dead. The career of Michael Collins hardly bears out their contention. Whenever, if ever, the Irish leader tells the story of his life, it will put to shame the most exciting novel ever written.

The great "Mystery Man" of the Sinn Fein movement has the nature of a child. He is fearless, simple, generous, trustful—and he loves adventures.

The most characteristic thing about him is the fact that he initiated and maintained th mystery that for so long shrouded his personality. Only a man who loved "Treasure Island" and "Robinson Crusoe" could have taken pleasure in the hundred disguises and other contrivances with which he successfully baffled his opponents.

This brave, big-hearted, chivalrous, adventurous man was the soul of the Sinn Fein movement, just as Arthur Griffiths was its mind. Together they have saved Ireland from Dublin Castle domination and the commercialisation of ideals. They did not fight for personal power, nor to wreak vengeance on their enemies. They fought against broken promises, the shiftiness of politicians and the humbug of one-sided conferences—things very detestable to the boy-heart of Michael Collins.

THAT, in fact, is how one must think of him. He is simply a big boy, very easily moved by the sufferings of others, very tender-hearted, very idealistic, and absolutely full of fun, frolic and daring. Other men might have had his adventures thrust upon them, but they would not have delighted as he did in the delicious play-acting of the thing; they would not have "lived their parts."

No man could be l ss of an outlaw than he; yet he thoroughly

MICHAEL COLLINS

enjoyed being outlawed. He is probably one of the very few real patriots in history who didn't in th least mind being called a brigand. He must have revelled in the glorious romance of returning good for evil and infuriating his enemies by his courtesy, just as much as he provoked them by his pluck.

EVEN his genius is of the jovial, buccaneering sort. There is a sort of gorgeous impertinence about his exploits that would have ensured him the hearty admiration and affection of Drake and Frobisher.

He has nothing in common with any of our present-day politicians. He can find little to like or admire in the cold, red-tape precision of a Curzon or a Milner. Our eminently adaptable Premier has managed to win his sympathy, but that is rather a diplomatic achievement than the result of temperamental kinship. Mr. Winston Churchill has, perhaps, a larger share of his qualities than anyone else, but in this instance caste-prejudices are thicker than personal peculiarities.

THE famous incident of the photographs reveals the schoolboy and the genius in Michael Collins.

When he was wanted by the authorities he circulated a number of photographs with his name printed on them. Several of these fell, as if by accident, into the hands of the men who were hunting him; and on the strength of the fact that they weren't a bit like him he frequently managed to pass unchallenged right under the noses of the very officers who had marked him down. This was a touch of genius. But the photographs were in reality composite portraits of some of the leaders in the opposite camp. This was the schoolboy all over.

"I've seen that face before," said a certain well-known English general when the photograph was shown him.

He was right, or nearly right. He had seen something very like it in his own looking-glass. . . .

The Conquerors

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

NAPOLEON once said: "The only real courage is two o'clock in the morning courage." Vitality is low at two in the morning, and one is less able to stand up to menacing facts than at two in the afternoon. If you wake in the small hours and begin to think about your prospects you are apt to view them pessimistically. Things have a way of looking blacker to the sleepless brain in the middle of the night than to the active worker in the middle of the day. It is not safe to trust your judgment at two in the morning.

But all life is two in the morning for many people just now; there is little to hearten and much to depress them. Through no fault of their own—or harder still if they have chiefly themselves to blame—they have lost their former place in the world and dropped out. They find to their astonishment how little anybody seems to care and how easy it would be to go right under; the collapse of hope can be appallingly swift. It is humiliating but true that a man's value even to his own family can speedily diminish if he is thought to be a failure. It is better to be envied than pitied any day.

He who can stiffen his will and come manfully through a crisis like this will make a great discovery. It is the discovery that life gives to every man what he has courage and resolution to take. There is a treasure chamber in front of you; burst the door.

WASTED MILLIONS.

by Lt.-Commander The Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

PROBABLY all taxpayers are agreed that extravagance still goes on in the great spending departments of the State.

We came out of the war a poor people, heavily in debt, with large responsibilities to the disabled, and to the widows and dependants of the fallen. It should be the duty of the Government to save money in all possible ways.

Let us see what is being done. Clerks and messengers are being dismissed from Government offices, many of these being ex-Service men; economies are being effected on the milk and food supplied to poor nursing or expectant mothers; salaries of school teachers are being cut down and expenditure on houses for the people has been curtailed.

But while these petty acts of meanness are being perpetrated, money is being poured out on costly armies, stationed entirely outside British territory.

Take first the army on the Rhine, and in the Plebiscitory areas in Europe. This is estimated to cost £2,225,900 in the current year. The Germans are supposed to pay for it, but so far we have collected less from Germany than the troops have cost.

The Plebiscitory troops are mostly in Upper Silesia. The Upper Silesian question was settled months ago, and it is not clear why these troops are still maintained there.

Now let us turn to Constantinople. Here there is a large British Army costing £2,270,400 this year. We have never been told why it is there. It is not preventing the Greeks murdering the Turks in Smyrna, or the Turks cutting the throats of the Greeks in Trebizond.

Two results there are. Firstly our loyal Moslem fellow-subjects in India are affronted at this continued occupation of one of the Holy Cities of Islam, and the seat of the Spiritual Chief of their religion. Secondly a large bill is being run up at the expense of the British man-in-the-street.

In Egypt, owing to the shifty Foreign policy and the wobblings of the Government, we are compelled to maintain an Army which is costing this year £3,077,200.

Egypt is not a part of the British Empire, and never has been. At long last we have agreed to hand over the Government of Egypt to the Egyptians. We should clear out of the country, leaving only enough troops to hold the Suez Canal—and the defence of the Canal should be chiefly entrusted to the Royal Navy.

As for Mesopotamia we have handed that country over, nominally, to an Arab King. In addition to a great and costly air force we are still maintaining there another large army at a cost of £3,748,400 yearly.

All these places are outside the Empire. In none of them have we any business. We cannot afford to keep these enormous garrisons all over the world, in territory that is outside the British Empire. They should be withdrawn forthwith.

OUR DOP

by A. G.

"It matters a great deal to all of … and news upon which we ha… affairs are controlled by men who … or by men who want nothing which … or their duty

I READ the recent exposure by Lieut.-Colonel Page Croft in JOHN BULL of the traffic in titles with much interest and general agreement. It is a traffic which is not confined to either political party. Sometimes it is practised more impudently by one party than another, but both parties are implicated. If it has become more scandalous of late years than it used to be it is because the standards of public life have become more degraded and because the need of money for running party propaganda has become more urgent.

The real evil is not the sale of titles. If peerages and baronetcies and knighthoods were put up for auction at Tokenhouse Yard and sold to the highest bidder, no particular harm would be done. The money would go into the public exchequer, and Baron Hyde Park Corner (formerly Mr. Moses Meyer of Houndsditch, the eminent contractor, honoured "for public services," unnamed), and Sir Jupiter Bludgeon (who perhaps dodged the Army and bought horses for the Government in South America, making a fortune for himself out of his patriotic services), would deceive no one.

WE should know how they got their titles and what they paid for them. The evil is that the transaction is secret and corrupt. It is often a deal between party managers in want of cash and ambitious adventurers who want distinction, or even shady persons who want a certificate of character.

The remedy, of course, is to get rid of titles altogether. They are an insult to the intelligence of the modern world and have been repudiated in every great country except our own and Japan. They poison our social life by setting up discriminations which spread the twin diseases of flunkeyism and servility, and they raise false standards for our respect and reverence.

They would be bad even if they were real rewards of real merit and real service. But when they become, as they often are, merely sham decorations bought by rich and designing men with money passed, as it were, under the counter, they become a public outrage.

THE pity is that so many honourable men, who would not pay for them and do not need them, consent to take them, and in doing so give the sanction of their example to what is a notorious imposture.

When J. M. Barrie consented to take a baronetcy there were thousands of his admirers who felt it like a blow in the face. When John Galsworthy declined a similar "honour" he won the thanks of everyone who wants a world cleansed of this sham jewellery.

The worst of the evil is the extent to which the imposture has permeated the Press. I do not know any more subtle or corrupting fact in our public life than this. We are creatures of the Press. We cannot help it. It controls all our sources of information. It can feed us with any facts it chooses and deprive us of any facts it chooses. It can make us dance to any tune it selects, exalt any man who knows how to "square" it, destroy any man who would scorn to be its creature.

This enormous power implies an enormous responsibility. The task of the Press is to be the guardian of the interests of the public. Its supreme duty is to preserve its independence and to place itself under no obligation to those who control public affairs and who have a direct interest in influencing the Press.

That used to be the case in the past. I think I am right in saying that until the late Mr. Borthwick, of the *Morning Post*, took first a baronetcy and then a peerage as Lord Glenesk, there had never been a title in connection with any great newspaper.

It was the complaint of Lord Melbourne when he was Prime Minister against the John Walter who owned *The Times* in his day that "the damned fellow *wanted nothing*." He wanted nothing because he knew that if he took something he would have to give something. Instead of being a trustee of the people he would have become an instrument of the Government.

All this fine tradition of independence has gone. Titles have become as plentiful among newspaper owners and newspaper men as blackberries in the hedgerows in autumn. There is no other calling in England which has been so beplastered with decorations as journalism.

DURING the last half-dozen years it has rained titles in newspaper offices. Almost anybody who owns a powerful journal can have a peerage for the asking, or without the asking; almost any journalist who can influence what the newspapers say

VIGOROUS "

"In yesterday… tomley's first da… reported to have… Bull" had bee… views on interna… his retirement f…
A study of t… Bull" certainly … assertion. The c… show a vigorou… British tone not … gestive of weakne… —"Daily Expres…

ED PRESS

GARDINER

whether the sources of the opinion to found our judgment of public ant "honours" from Governments ill compromise their independence the public."

can have a Knighthood on the same easy terms.

Take the Harmsworth family: they reek with titles. In the last half-dozen years Lord Northcliffe has been made a Viscount, his brother (Rothermere) has been made a Viscount, another brother Leicester Harmsworth, who owns newspapers at Plymouth, has been made a Baronet. Their managers and other employees have been made Knights, and I daresay their footmen and chauffeurs could have Knighthoods too, if they wanted them.

Or take the Sunday Press. There is the most powerful instrument for forming public opinion in the country. Out of London, every week end, there go some *ten million* papers all over the Kingdom.

There are not, I suppose, more than twelve million households in the country. That is to say, the Sunday Press of London goes into ten out of every twelve of them.

Consider the power of that enormous engine to any politician on the make. He has only to win its support, to set it singing his praises as the "Little Wonder" and printing his portrait with the famous smile that he always wears before the photographer, and his power is established. He can do what he likes with your affairs, and convert himself into a Dictator as absolute as though he wore a crown and owed his power to a Pretorian guard.

NOW, let us look at this great machine of the Sunday Press and its proprietors; I will give the names of the papers and the names of the principal or nominal owners:

Weekly Dispatch:	Viscount Northcliffe.
Sunday Pictorial:	Viscount Rothermere.
News of the World:	Lord Riddell.
Lloyd's News:	Lord Dalziel.
Sunday Times:	Sir William Berry, Bart.
Sunday Express:	Lord Beaverbrook.
Reynolds's:	Lord Dalziel.
Observer:	Viscount Astor.
Sunday Herald:	Sir Edward Hulton, Bart.

That, as far as I remember, is the complete list. You will observe that everyone of these newspapers is owned by a peer or a baronet. Can you point to any other calling, industry or profession in which the same phenomenon is witnessed?

We have brewer peers and soap peers and tobacco and shipping peers. But every great brewer, soap-boiler or ship-owner is not a peer. Only here and there one.

BUT there is something more. I think I am right in saying that all these gentlemen have received their titles or advancement in rank in the last six years, since 1916. I ask you to reflect upon that fact. I ask you to consider the meaning of this sudden discovery by the people who have titles to give of the virtues of anyone who happens to own a Sunday newspaper with a big circulation.

I ask you to read your Sunday paper in future with this in mind, and to accept the kind of political pabulum if offers you with this in mind.

I have taken the Sunday Press for my example because it is the most flagrant of all. But it is only characteristic of the general avalanche of titles that has descended on the Press—in the country as much as in London.

THERE is now hardly a single great newspaper in the land which is without a titled proprietor, a titled editor or a titled London representative. If there is one such paper you may be sure it is not because it couldn't have had its titles with the rest but because it has preferred to place itself under no obligation to Governments.

Mr. C. P. Scott, of the *Manchester Guardian*, is but still plain Mr. Scott: it is because like John Walter of old, he "doesn't want anything" that will compromise his duty to the public, and, I hope, because he has a wholesome contempt for titles.

So with others, I rejoice to say that you will not find a title among any of the half-dozen most distinguished journalists of the day—men like Mr. J. A. Spender, Mr. St. Loe Strachey and Mr. Massingham. They could have had any title they liked; but they hold, by the fine tradition that journalism must not take favours from politicians.

THIS is a subject that affects the deepest interests of the public. It does not matter to them a straw if Mr. Jopling, the brewer, or Mr. Tupman, the coalowner, is made a peer. It will not affect the beer Jopling brews or the coal Tupman gets. But it matters a great deal to all of us whether the sources of the opinion and news upon which we have to found our judgment of public affairs are controlled by men who want "honours" from Governments, or by men who want nothing which will compromise their independence or their duty to the public.

SUNDAY SPOIL-SPORTS.

by Dr. C. W. SALEEBY
(The well-known Eugenist).

THERE is, of course, no authority in the words of the Founder of Christianity for the grotesque and cruel Sabbatarianism which some modern Christians have misinherited from Judaism. For my part, I think it an ugly philosophy which assumes that six-sevenths of our mortal time are less holy than the rest.

When, in the name of religion, the London County Council, or anyone else, denies the beauty and the spiritual and physical value of happy movement in the sunlight and pure air to the young folk who wish to play games, that is blasphemy against the Author of the light and the air and our bodies and their needs.

Our foul industrial chimneys are stopped on Sundays. People get up an hour later, and the smoke of the domestic chimney is by so much delayed and reduced. The sunlight, priceless and despised boon, is therefore brightest in all our cities on Sundays, and the air is clearest.

Pre-eminently, therefore, this is the day for life in the open, that we may receive Heaven's antidotes against the "diseases of darkness," as I call them, to which our work and the folly of our cities and their smoke, exposes us during the week.

But our own men of science in particular have led the world in teaching the value of exercise under such conditions, and the man in the street is practical psychologist enough to know that the exercise which is worth most is that which has fun and purpose in it—in a word—*play*, which is the characteristic of the young, and those who would retain or regain youth, amongst all the animals marked by intelligence—the power to learn—and pre-eminently in man.

We talk about liberty, a noble word, and often enough we talk nonsense about it, and will tolerate the commission of many crimes in its name. Here is a case where we should talk and should act on behalf of true and innocent and necessary liberty.

A Committee on Sunlight has just been established by the Medical Research Council, on my urgent representation. I predict that it will confirm that open-air games and sunlight are vital for the physical health and the *moral* of urban youth.

The provision of recreation is part, second to none, of the official "American plan" for the prevention of venereal disease and, if space availed, I could prove its value by statistics. But open air and sunlight are essential for the best recreation. I plead here for these heavenly boons, which we least destroy and should best use on Sundays.

I want to see boys and girls in the Serpentine on Sundays and every other day. And I ask leave to be regarded as a temperance reformer who loathes and abominates killjoys, who played Sunday games on principle twenty years ago, and who has good warrant for preferring sunlight and pure air and noble games, such as cricket is, to the dark and infection-ridden gin palace, as friends of Youth and Beauty and Joy.

"JOHN BULL."

account of Bot- in prison he was said that "John pacifist in its nal politics since the editorship. week's "John refutes such an mns of the paper virile, healthy the least sug- in any direction." June 1, 1922.

DOCKYARD DECAY

Official Fostering of Unemployment

ONE of the saddest sights in the industrial world is the spectacle of a great business falling into ruin. And when such decay can be traced directly to the deliberate action of a Government Department, indignation is added to regret. The plight of the Royal Dockyard towns is to-day pitiful.

The evils of economy amuck will be manifested if the Admiralty persist in their decision virtually to close down the Royal Dockyard and divert to private firms the work which they were created to perform.

Two capital ships of 35,000 tons (the maximum tonnage of new warships under the Treaty or Pact) are to be laid down this year, and at least two of the Royal Dockyards, Portsmouth and Devonport, are capable of undertaking their construction. But it appears that neither of those towns—whose very existence, let alone their prosperity, depends upon such work—is to be allowed to benefit, but that the orders are to pass to private contractors.

It, admittedly, would be necessary perhaps to improve, if not reconstruct, the slips at both Portsmouth and Devonport, as a preliminary, and at considerable expense; but the direct and indirect profit that would accrue through having the work done in national establishments would far outweigh the initial outlay.

If the policy of passing Government work to private firms is to be pursued, the consequences to such towns as those mentioned will be appalling. To cite an instance, the discharges that are taking place from Portsmouth Dockyard are already causing an immense amount of suffering and distress.

Parents who, at very considerable sacrifice, made their sons Dockyard apprentices, did not contemplate the possibility of their lads being summarily dismissed and thrown on an already congested labour market.

Highly-skilled workmen, whose wonderful efficiency is due to years of steady work on Government jobs, and who are established and respected residents and ratepayers, will be forced into an unwilling exodus to other places, and leave behind them increased burdens on those who are compelled to remain.

It will be a national scandal if these perfectly-trained mechanics are discharged, the machinery scrapped, and the yards allowed to become derelict, in the interest of the Armament Ring. We agree with the Colwyn Report in that "it is the duty of the Admiralty to provide work in the Dockyard towns for the men whom they retained and collected in their service during the war." These places depend on the Navy for their existence, and must not be allowed to decay.

INSURANCE AND INJUSTICE

Suffering Under Extended Act

THERE is no better way of illustrating the harsh operation of a particular measure than by taking an individual case, known to be typical of many. For instance, the latest extension of the Unemployment Insurance Act was designed to benefit those to whom it might apply. If so, it has failed signally in its object, since in certain instances it inflicts hardship where it is least deserved.

The unvarnished story of a disabled ex-Service man will make this clear. This old soldier—who, incidentally, fought under "Sir Garnet" in 1882, and with Buller in South Africa—joined up again in August, 1914, at the age of 54, to be discharged eighteen months later "physically unfit."

Subsisting on such work as he could obtain, he struggled on until November, 1919, when, having completely broken down, he was sent by the Pensions Ministry to hospital. Discharged subsequently for home treatment, he attended the local infirmary for twelve months, and was then pronounced incurable, suffering from chronic synovitis, arthritis, and other disabilities.

Continuing under treatment until October, 1921, he was then certified fit for light work, registered for employment, and received the meagre unemployment benefit to which the Labour Exchange authorities considered him entitled.

Unemployment pay may be divided, roughly, into two sections—"covenanted" benefit for fifteen weeks, payable to those who have made contributions to such an amount during the period 1920-22 as justifies their being paid on the "one in six" basis, namely, one payment for every six contributions; and "uncovenanted" benefit, which becomes operative when the above is exhausted, and allows of a limited sum to be paid at meagre intervals and as a matter of grace.

But to obtain even this, the applicant must have paid at least twenty contributions since the beginning of the last preceding insurance year, and prove that he is normally employed in an insurable occupation.

How harshly these clauses operate! It is obviously impossible for a disabled ex-soldier, who has been under treatment, to show the necessary twenty contribution stamps on his insurance card. Consequently he finds himself at the mercy of the Committee, who may, at their discretion, grant the "uncovenanted" benefit, or refuse any payment whatsoever.

A man who has served and suffered for his country is liable to such treatment, whereas the shirker—the Conscientious Objector and the "Indispensable"—may claim as a right fifteen weeks' full benefit, because they have had every opportunity to keep up their contributions.

There is something radically wrong in a system which sanctions such unfairness.

SHIPS THAT LEAK

Strange Treatment of a British Engineer

THERE appear to be many shipowners, mostly foreigners, who pay little attention to John Bunyan's wise observation: "One leak will sink a ship." The following is a typical instance.

On October 14th, 1921, owing to slackness in the shipping trade, an all-British crew signed on the s.s. *Villa Franca*, a Portuguese-owned vessel, for a voyage to Porta Delgada, Azores, her port of registration.

They had not been long at sea before they discovered that the ship was leaking badly, and the pumps had to be kept going continuously. On reaching St. Michael, Azores, the Chief Engineer at once reported the matter, pointing out the very serious nature of the defect, and was assured that it would be attended to.

Nothing was done at this port, but the whole of the British crew, with the exception of the engineers, were replaced by Portuguese. The ship sailed for London, the pumps having to be kept going the whole time, and on arrival the same officer again reported the leak to the London Agents, but could get no satisfaction, and the *Villa Franca* once more sailed for the Azores without anything having been done.

A third and a fourth time attention was drawn to the matter without effect, the ship making the journey between London and the Azores leaking badly, with the pumps going continuously, until finally, when at Port Talbot, the Chief Engineer saw a dry dock representative and pointed out the dangerous condition of the vessel. On instructions from the London Agents, a private surveyor examined the hold and declared that the *Villa Franca* was all right and fit for lading. The Engineer promptly declined to sail in her unseaworthy condition. In consequence of his attitude the Underwriters' Surveyor was sent down, and immediately ordered the vessel into dry dock to undergo repairs.

Just before these repairs were completed, the Engineer was called to the Captain's cabin, told he was the cause of all the trouble and delay, and paid off without any reference to the Portuguese Consul before whom he had originally signed his articles.

The result is that a British officer of the Mercantile Marine finds himself unemployed for no other reason than doing his duty by repeatedly calling attention to the unseaworthiness of a foreign-owned vessel, and thus trying to safeguard the lives of gallant seamen.

WANTED—A WHIP!

Pranks of Peckham's Black Pastor

IS it not about time that a stop was put to the pranks of Thomas Brem Wilson, the negro charlatan who practices his wily arts on the young womanhood of Peckham? This Gold Coast savage, with a veneer of civilisation and a smattering of blasphemous cant, has over-long defiled the populous London suburb.

The scoundrel's latest craze is the teaching of "Tongueism," a species of erotic exaltation in which susceptible people of emotional tendencies are supposed to receive a sort of Pentecostal baptism of tongues.

The scenes which are witnessed weekly at the conventicle in Sumner Road are of a most unedifying description. The congregation consists mainly of women, and includes many young girls of a susceptible age. The proceedings usually commence with the singing of hymns, continued without cessation for perhaps half-an-hour.

An "atmosphere" having thus been created, prayers follow in quick succession, anyone voicing his petition. He does so to a continuous accompaniment of groans and sobs and other manifestations of mental uneasiness. Occasionally there is an outburst of inarticulate cries and incomprehensible jargon which are hailed with frenzied delight as the bestowal of the "gift of tongues."

These scenes of indescribable confusion continue sometime for hours, until they relapse apparently from sheer exhaustion.

Most unedifying of all is the rite of baptism. Anything more disgusting than the sight of young girls being held in this black beast's embrace while they are prayed over preparatory to being flung backwards into a tank of water would be hard to conceive.

The "Tongueism" movement, of which the black pastor of Peckham seems to have constituted himself a high priest, had its origin, like most freak religions, in America, where the shocking immorality of its devotees gave rise to a widespread scandal. Many of its leaders were known to practise unmentionable indecencies, and one of them was actually convicted.

It is well that Wilson's deluded adherents should know that he is a scoundrel whose persistent immoralities and callous disregard of his domestic obligations render him totally unfit for the society of decent men and women, let alone to be a spiritual guide.

We have previously exposed this noisome negro, and it is in keeping with his character that he should have chosen for his latest hobby a cult which reduces hysterical women to a condition in which they may more readily comply with his desires and yield themselves to his nauseating handling.

A good thrashing is the only thing fit for such a thoroughly unwholesome scoundrel.

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY":—"Having come to this conclusion, Long PLUCKED UP HIS COURAGE. This wanted some doing, for HE DIDN'T POSSESS ANY."

"HAMILTON ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—"Handsome Brass Faced Grandfather's Clock by TEMPUS FUGIT."

"THOMSON'S WEEKLY NEWS":—"'No, no, Jim,' she WHISPERED LOUDLY."

"SUNDAY SPORTSMAN":—"Notts are only playing one HOME match AWAY from Trent Bridge this season."

"DETECTIVE MAGAZINE":—"During the last twelve months no fewer than 170 public executions for high treason have been carried out in . . . Angora . . OVER TWO PER DAY."

"LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO" (advertisement):—"VACANT—2 Houses, ONE OCCUPIED."

"DAILY NEWS" (serial story):—"She called out good-bye, but I didn't turn because I could HEAR there were TEARS IN HER EYES."

"BRADFORD DAILY TELEGRAPH":—(advertisement):—"LADY Canvassers (experienced) Required; salary and commission; DISCHARGED EX-SERVICE MEN."

EXTRA · TURNS

Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

IN the country where I come from
A man can raise a thirst,
But he's not allowed to quench it as
he pleases;
Though, if he's got the money,
He can have a proper burst—
A fact which poorer persons rather
teases.

I notice you in England
With intoxicants are curst—
A state of things we Yanks consider
shocking;
So I trust that while I'm with you
You will *not* try treating Hearst
His Prohibition principles thus
mocking.

PATTER: Poor, li'l, effete, ole England! Say, boss, are you pleased to see me? I'm the goods—and then some. I'm the last word in Yankee journalism, and you've gotter reckon with me! Sure! Now, I've come across to your li'l ole country just to see whether all I've said about you is true. I've called you some nasty names at times—well, *all* the time, if you like. Now I wanter know whether I was justified. I called your li'l ole country a liar. Now I wanter know if it's a fact. I insulted your Earl Balfour when he was at Washington. Now I'm keen to know whether I had good grounds. So I've jest stepped across the li'l ole ditch to have a look at you. Sure. And, say, boss, I'm surprised. I thought I should find you down and out. Instead of which, you're up and doing! I've discovered that you're the goods and I'm the liar! Sure! Now, in a message I had published on my arrival here, I said the war had brought England closer to Amurica, but hadn't brought Amurica any closer to England. Some phrase, that. Durned clever, I thought at the time. Now I'm wondering what it means.

I'm great at making phrases

That make the British squirm,
But the fact that me amazes
Is, they haven't done you harm!

I've done my best to injure you
Throughout the U.S.A.,
But still, in God's own country
You are much esteemed to-day!

That's what gets my goat. But the fact is, that although I own and inspire the policy of the biggest string of newspapers ever, I don't really cut any ice with the best Americans. They called me pro-German and un-American during the war. *But I sold my rags.* The New York Aldermen protested against my being on the Reception Committee to welcome home the soldiers of the States who fought in

Yurrup. *But I sold my rags.* That's all that matters. I said some nasty things about your Royal Family, and threw mud at your Prince of Wales. *But I sold my rags.* And to-day I'm a millionaire—and not just a dollar one, either!

For insult and for impudence
None can dispute that first
In that unpleasant gallery
Is William Randolph Hearst.
I've criticised you day by day
And scorned you week by week—
So, though you doubt my friendliness,
You can't deny my cheek!

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

THE object of our Fund, carried on for the past eight years, is to feed the hungry, bury the dead of the stricken poor, and clothe the naked. Up to date we have helped nearly 20,000 cases, and we beg our readers who have a trifle to spare, to help us to carry on the good work. Our files, showing applications made and grants given, may be inspected at any time—also the certificates concerning our fund rendered by one of our leading firms of chartered accountants.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

G. W. (Leicester), £1 1s.; "In Memory of Alan," £1; J. D. J. (Reading), £1.; M. A. B. D., (S. W. 1.), 10s.; "Mother K," 5s.; M. T. (Ripon), 5s.; W. T. F. (Thornton Heath), 5s.; J. P. (Waikato), 2s. 6d.; "Coon" 2s. 6d.; W. M. (Hammersmith), 2s.; B. M. (N. W. 5.), 2s.; P. J. E. (Derby), 2s.; B. R. (Berkdale), 2s. 6d.; W. W. (Norwich), 1s.; "A Friend" 1s.; "Tom" 1s.; "Stopped Tap" 1s.; T. M. (Cornwall), 6d.; W. M. 6d.; H. C. A. (Euston), 6d.; E. B., 10s. 6d.; Anonymous (Hull), 2s. 6d.; "Chu" 2s. 6d.; W. G. G., 1s.; W. O., 1s.; J. C., 1s.; W. H., 7d.; "Pall" 7d.; A. P. (Devonshire), 6d. and parcel.

NO working expenses are deducted from subscriptions to this fund. Every penny we receive is devoted to the purpose for which it is sent.

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU . . .?

THERE is in Dudley, an ex-Service man, wounded and unpensioned, whose child lay dead in the house, and who, in despair at the prospect of his little darling being buried by the parish, sent an appeal to us. We have forwarded him a small sum on your behalf.

At West Gorton there is another ex-soldier who is penniless and on the verge of starvation. He has three children, and his wife is expecting another next month. He fought for you—endured the nerve-breaking ordeal of battle that you might live and that your children should be born in comfort.

In Brighton there is a man who went through the fires of Gallipoli in the East Kent Regiment—one of the Old Contemptibles. He is suffering from shell-shock and epilepsy. His child is in the Fever Hospital, and he has pawned his war medals for food and shelter.

A man of the 9th Manchester Regiment has just had to bury his child. Old soldiers do not like their poor children to fill a pauper's grave. He wants just a little help to make up the tiny sum required. We have sent him something, but there is more wanted—not only for him, but for similar cases.

A dying hawker, of Hoxton, needs money to pay his rent—an old gunner of the R.F.A., with a pension of 10d. a day, has pawned every article he possesses, and is starving. Eighteen years' service—and 10d. a day!

Do these cases mean nothing to you? Don't you feel any sense of obligation?

"Charity begins at home," you say—*but who gave you your home?* The men who fought and suffered that your four walls should remain unshattered. If you backed the winner last week: if you had any unexpected bit of luck; if there is in your pocket one shilling that you can afford to throw around, remember the men and women and little children who are hungry. Charity is a luck-bringer.

"Cast your bread upon the waters. . . ." That is a good old saying, and a true one. Hold your money tight and it will never grow. Don't let the heroes die before you respect them. A loaf is *better* than a wreath. Send something to our "Greatest of These" Fund. You'll never miss it, and you'll have the warmhearted feeling that you are doing big things for big men and women. Your money is going to feed starving women and children. It is going to save little babies from a parish grave. If you love children; if you love women; if you honour British valour, put your hand in your pocket. Every penny that comes to JOHN BULL office goes out to the needy. Help!

They all say the same!

Hastings.
10.4.22.
I must say I am very pleased.....at last I have a pen as good as many pens at 10/6..... my wonderful Bargain.
W. H. K.

JOHN BULL
Pen Coupon, Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon, with P.O. for 5/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 5/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1/3 EXTRA.

Address: Pen Dept., 'John Bull,' Long Acre London, W.C.2.

P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & CO.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine Medium or Broad Nib.

J.B. 10.6.22.

Worth 10/6

OVER TWO MILLION IN USE. SEND TO-DAY

Turf Notes & Selections

MILENKO AND THE MANCHESTER CUP

OUR champion jockey, Steve Donoghue, no doubt experienced very mixed feelings during last week's meeting at Epsom, as in addition to riding another winner of the Derby in Captain Cuttle, he won the Coronation Cup on Franklin and, besides being the principal in an objection to Linby, the Birmingham winner, Donoghue was the recipient from Lord Coventry of a handsome scarf pin in recognition of his successes this season on Verdict. Fortunately for the backers of my "Horses to Follow," the complaint against Linby was overruled, which gave us another good winner.

Donoghue experienced a very easy ride on Captain Cuttle in the Derby, and when he brought the Beckhampton horse round Tattenham Corner, there was never any doubt about the result. G. Smith has gained many successes this season, but he had a very uncomfortable experience with Moyode, who refused to gallop, and Smith (whose sketch I give) pulled his horse up and returned him to the paddock.

It is a remarkable fact that, as was the case last year, the third in the "Guineas" was again successful in the Derby. In 1921 Humorist reversed the Newmarket placings with Craig an Eran and Lemonora by winning the Derby; and last week Captain Cuttle, who had finished behind St. Louis and Pondoland in the "Guineas," successfully turned the tables on the pair at Epsom.

Lord Astor Wins at Last.

Alec Taylor's remarkable luck in the classic races was carried a step further when Pogrom (another of my "Horses to Follow") carried off the Oaks in very good style from Soubriquet. Pogrom was a very welcome winner for her owner, Lord Astor, who has experienced exasperating luck in the classic races for some years. Taylor has now won the Oaks on six occasions, including two War-time substitute races at Newmarket. His other Oaks winners were Rosedrop, Sunny Jane, My Dear, Bayuda, and Love in Idleness. By the way, Silver Urn, who beat Soubriquet in the One Thousand Guineas at the end of April, disliked the hard going so much that she made a very poor show in last Friday's race.

The Manchester Cup.

After the busy Whitsuntide meetings at Hurst Park, Wolverhampton and Redcar, we start with four good days' racing at Manchester to-day. The big race of the week is the Manchester Cup, on Friday. Forfeit has been declared for 32 out of the original entry of 50; but there is every promise of a good field. Franklin has picked up a 12 lb. penalty for his Coronation Cup win, and being now well up in the handicap may not beat others lower in the list. A very much fancied candidate is Copyright, who has been saved for this race; and Air Balloon, who hails from Alec Taylor's stable, is sure to run well. However, I consider that MILENKO, last Cambridgeshire winner, is very well in and worth backing each way.

Hints for Other Races.

The Royal Standard Stakes to-day is worth £2,000, and if Mr. Sol. Joel starts SICYON, this smart colt should win. ENVOY may win the Mark Price Welter, and CANARY SEED should take the Whitsuntide Two-Year-Old Stakes for Lord Lascelles. To-morrow I like SILVER THISTLE for the Grove Handicap, and IMPERIAL should improve on his last outing by winning the Northern Stakes. The King Coal Stakes may be won by ADORNA, and ORBY'S PRIDE ran well enough behind Tete-a-Tete at Epsom to give him a chance for the Beaufort Handicap.

Royal Ascot Next Week.

Royal Ascot begins on Tuesday next, and after studying the weights for the Ascot Stakes and Royal Hunt Cup, which have just been published, I think CHARLEVILLE and BRINKLOW are given a good chance in the Stakes. For the Hunt Cup, FORNOVO and POLYDIPSIA appeal to me most.

Selections for the Week.

In addition to Manchester there are also meetings at Yarmouth and Gatwick this week. My selections in full will be found below:—

MANCHESTER: Wednesday—Flame of Fire, Lancashire Witch, Sicyon, Sunshot f., Envoy, Canary Seed.
MANCHESTER: Thursday—Silver Thistle, Imperial, All Clear, Adorna, Orby's Pride, Harpenden.
MANCHESTER: Friday—Auntie I., Ace of Diamonds, Milenko, Overseer, Ulula, Yashka.
MANCHESTER: Saturday—Beeswax, Lilla Cross, Pondoland, Pharmacie, Grovine, Solace.
YARMOUTH: Wednesday—Jersey Spratt, Tetricus, Fiver, Sunny Bill, Alice, Blue Gown, Bumble Bee.
YARMOUTH: Thursday—Shanky, St. Joseph, Thoughtless, Bellechase colt, Ad Astra, Cadabra.
GATWICK: Friday—Valini, Vitalba filly, D'ye Ken, Argo, Sœur, Le Cellier.
GATWICK: Saturday—Summer Duck, China Lall, Ariane, Jilted, South Crofty, Fernley.

Back it Each Way
MILENKO
Next time out.

SPORT and

Conducted by MORLEY BROWN

The Coming of J. O. Anderson.

Those who will be privileged to see the lawn-tennis championships at Wimbledon will watch with interest the progress of J. O. Anderson, the young Australian giant, for considerable progress he is sure to make. He has a fast and furious fore-hand, a hard and powerful back-hand, and his game generally is full of variety and purpose. He is altogether aloof from those gallery-play touches which characterise Tilden, Mlle. Lenglen, and a few others.

Galaxy of Stars.

But apart from Anderson, Wimbledon will be packed with interesting personalities, especially on the men's side.

G. L. PATTERSON.

There is that other brilliant Australian, G. L. Patterson, who lost his title to Tilden in 1920 after being the flashing comet of 1919. He is said to be in better form than ever. Then we shall have M. Alonso, the graceful Spaniard; Z. Shimidzu, the inscrutable, smiling Japanese; M. Cochet, the speedy, aggressive and thinking Frenchman; besides the South African, Norton; the Irishman, O'Hara Wood; and many others with whom we are familiar.

Where Modern Bowlers Fail.

In Warwick Armstrong's recently-issued book on cricket tribute is paid by him to the intelligence and accuracy of length of his two fast bowlers, J. M. Gregory (now gone into retirement) and E. A. McDonald, the Nelson professional. Length does not seem to be cultivated so assiduously by the younger generation of bowlers as it used to be. But look at the records of the veterans in the present season—Rhodes, Cox, Dennett, Morton, Bestwick, John Gunn and the others—and there is only one answer to the question, "How is it they are doing so well?" They strive for and maintain length first, last, and all the time.

The National Marathon.

Here are a few facts about the Marathon race for the "Sporting Life" £500 Trophy which is being competed for this week. The race, from Windsor Castle to Stamford Bridge, a distance of 26 miles 385 yards, was instituted in May, 1909; and A. R. Mills, the Leicester Harrier and Lincolnshire farmer, is the only man who has won it twice. If he comes home first on Saturday, it will be a wonderful performance. Harry Green, the old Sutton and Herne Hill Harrier, won it in 1911, and was placed in 1909 and 1912. His is the next best record to Mills. The fastest time was 2 hrs. 38 mins., 6 2-5 secs. in 1913 by A. Ahlgren, the Swede.

A. R. MILLS.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."
PLAYER'S
Navy Cut Tobacco
Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of smoker.
Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut
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Per oz. 1/-
Player's "White Label" Navy Cut - 10½d.
Also Player's Navy Cut de Luxe (a development of Player's Navy Cut) packed in 3-oz. and 4-oz. Airtight Tins at 2/4 and 4/8 respectively.
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
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Navy Cut Cigarettes
Have a world-wide reputation. They are made from Fine Quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in Two Strengths—MILD and MEDIUM.
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100 for 4/8; 50 for 2/5
20 for 11½d.; 10 for 6d.
In Packets and Tins from all Tobacconists and Stores.
JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.
Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P511

823 Claims already paid in "John Bull's" Free

SPORTSMEN

Editor of "The Sporting Life"

F.A. Coming Into Line.

I am glad to note the tightening-up process adopted by the F.A. concerning the overlapping of football and cricket. The ragged edges of the winter game have spread throughout the month of May; in future, no game—not even under the guise of charity—is to take place after the second Saturday in the "merry month." When we return to the old idea of a close season from May 1 to September 1 we shall have gone back to decency and common-sense—to remain there, let us hope.

Sanity Loses the Day.

The Football League have turned down the very sane proposal of the Arsenal to limit transfer fees to £1,650. I feared they would, although nothing good can be said of the present system of unlimited bank-notes. It has caused grave unrest among the players, called forth general public opprobrium, is grossly unfair to the poorer clubs in so democratic a game, and, in short, is just an example of commercialism in sport run mad.

The Mixture as Before.

The composition of the Third Division of the League is to be the same next season as last, except, of course, that Bristol City and Bradford come into it vice the promoted clubs, Southampton and Stockport County. The new clubs who applied for election never had a chance, although the representatives decided—probably with their tongues in their cheeks—on a vote. Southend and Exeter City remain in the Southern section, and Rochdale in the Northern section. Pontypridd, Doncaster Rovers and others were always in the cold.

Very Much Alive.

In the days when Sheffield United were a power in the land, Joseph Lievesley and William Foulke were two goalkeepers who helped to maintain their own and the club's reputation. The other day a Joseph Lievesley died at Staveley, and all the newspapers in the country wrote about the passing of another football giant. But Joe Lievesley, the erstwhile custodian, is still alive at Rossington, near Doncaster. He is not by any means the first man in sport to live to read his own obituary notice. I am glad to help to dispel the news that he is dead.

Record-Breaking Ladies.

I have always held that long-distance endurance tests for women swimmers required careful handling both as to time conditions and the age and physique of the principals concerned, but in the shorter speed events we have a number of women who have rightly taken their places among the world's best. We are to see some astonishing things this season if the start is any criterion. Miss Hilda James, who is only 18, has lopped off 5 1-5 secs. from her own world's record of 4 m. 18 3-5 secs. for 300 yards; and Miss Irene Gilbert has reduced Miss Lucy Morton's 200 yds. breast-stroke record (3m. 6secs.) by 3 4-5 secs.

The Ancient Game of Bowls.

Ever since Drake's time—and no doubt before—the gentle art of bowls has been in public favour, until to-day there is no more enthusiastic type of sportsman than the average bowling man. Rinks are everywhere up and down the country; and in our Colonies, too, the game flourishes exceedingly. So much so, indeed, that up to the time of writing, the team of Australians now in this country had lost only one match—against Devonshire. They are a great side, but whether quite good enough to win all their international matches here is more than I am prepared to say.

Beckett and Goddard.

Frank Goddard's defeat of Billy Wells made him eager as a hunter for another meeting with Joe Beckett, and the British champion is in no wise averse to another contest. Goddard showed at the Crystal Palace that he has improved in his boxing, but compared with Beckett he has probably yet something to learn. Beckett has his limitations, but I do not think the public fully appreciate the capital timing and power of his punches. If Beckett's brain is slow in action, he has made a careful and very patient study of every move in the game.

JOE BECKETT.

Gus Platts Going Out.

Many boxing people, especially in the Midlands and North, will regret the impending retirement from the ring of Gus Platts, the Sheffield middleweight, who was deprived of the European title by Johnny Basham before the Welshman in turn lost it to Kid Lewis. Platts has always given of his best in the ring. If I am correctly informed, another contest with Basham, efforts to bring about which were being made when this was written, will be his last fight.

Illness Leads to Fame.

It is not generally known that the amateur golf champion, E. W. E. Holderness, took up the game chiefly because his health as a lad was a cause of great anxiety. He was born in India—his father was in the Indian Civil Service—and before he was 15 years of age, young Holderness had to undergo two serious operations. He began golf at the Royal Dornoch links. He is now in a good position in the Home Office, and finds ample opportunity for his favourite game. But success has not altered him. His quiet return to Walton Heath after his triumph at Prestwick was typical of the man.

E. W. E. HOLDERNESS.

Diary For June.

June 10—*Sporting Life* Marathon. (Windsor to Stamford Bridge).
" 12—Wyns v. Matthews, Liverpool.
" 19—Lewis v. Burns, Holland Park.
" 19-24—Open Golf Championship, Sandwich.
" 21-22—Woolwich v. Sandhurst, Lord's.
" 23 (&c.)—Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon.
" 27-28—French Open Golf Championship, Versailles.

Home Insurance. Have you registered yet?

Sport Personalities

VII.—WILFRED RHODES

THEY have a rooted dislike in Yorkshire for imported cricket talent. One reason—and it is all-sufficient—is that they have enough home-grown ability of a high order to satisfy the requirements of the county eleven.

For well over twenty years Rhodes has been a dominant force in Yorkshire and All-England cricket. He is in his forty-fifth year, and it is not a little remarkable that when the bowling averages were first published this season he should be at the head.

It is remarkable because Rhodes originally was primarily a bowler; then he became one of the first pair of batsmen—and still he kept his bowling. He has never lost it, and does not look like losing it until Time calls to him as it has called to some of his eminent colleagues.

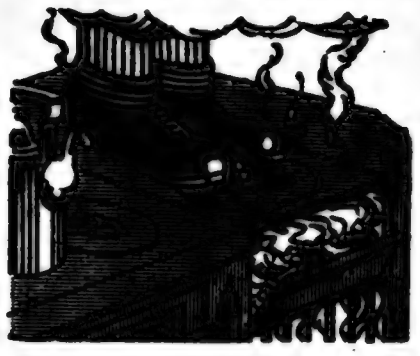
For Rhodes is one of that type of bowlers—and the highest modern representative of that type—whose easy action enables them to bowl for long hours at a stretch without apparent strain. There are no idiosyncrasies of action; just a swing of the left arm—and the look on the face of a child in the nursery, so innocent and bland and serene.

But the deadly subtlety of the brain behind the forehead; the amazing spin imparted by that strong and flexible middle finger of the left hand; the slight but most-supremely-to-be-dreaded variations in pace that catch a batsman in this mind and that, until the hateful click bespeaks the dislodged bail.

At the end of last season Rhodes had done what no other Yorkshireman has yet accomplished; scored 20,000 runs and taken over 2,500 wickets for his county. In Test matches—and he has been playing for England almost regularly since 1899—he has made 1,650 runs and taken over 100 wickets.

Once or twice he has been "dropped" for England; at other times he has been in the field and watched bowler after bowler tried and not been called on himself. These are mysteries of selection which will one day be revealed.

When Feet Hurt like walking on a Hot Griddle



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To instantly medicate and oxygenate the water for a foot bath, simply dissolve a tablespoonful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in about a gallon of water. Millions of packages of this remarkable compound were used in France alone, during the war. The medicated water not only cures and prevents foot troubles, but also banishes any muscular aches, strains, sprains or pains, rheumatic swellings or stiffness, eczema, rashes, insect bites, and similar tortures. It is regularly used and recommended by the following World's Champion Athletes:—Tom Payne, E. C. Horton, H. V. L. Ross, W. G. George, C. W. Hart, and Jack Donaldson. These men are, respectively, the Official World's Record Holders for distance walking (both amateur and professional) long and short distance running and for sprinting. Their success depends upon having sound feet and they must certainly be regarded as the highest authorities upon means of avoiding any foot troubles. All Chemists keep the refined Reudel Bath Saltrates compound ready put up in convenient and very inexpensive packages. A half pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles and keep them so.

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

TIGHTENING THE BONDS OF EMPIRE

THE first object of the British Legion, and the first duty of all who belong to it, is to look after the interests of ex-Service men, their widows and dependents. There is still plenty to be done in that direction; but that does not end the matter.

HUNDREDS of thousands of gallant comrades of ours gave their lives because they loved the old-established constitution of Great Britain and would not see it overthrown by foreign tyranny; because they believed the British Empire to be a great civilising force and were proud of it, and would not have it broken in pieces; because they knew that under the British flag more than in all the world outside there were to be found free and ordered government, even-handed justice, and true liberty for every law-abiding citizen.

IF we are to do our full duty to the dead as well as to the living, it is surely laid upon us living ex-Service men to uphold the constitution our fallen comrades fought for, to maintain the Empire they strove to hold together, to keep untarnished the honour and reputation of the flag beneath which they fought and died.

WE have comrades, too, in all the overseas Dominions of our common Empire working for the same objects as are ours, even as they fought beside us for the same ideals. I want the Legion to be a friend and helper to all ex-Service men in their individual lives and troubles. I want it also to enable ex-Service men, by their continued association and common action, to become a powerful and enduring factor for good in the future history of all British peoples. The opportunity lies ready to our hand. Let us take it together.

Haig. F.M.

THE Remembrance League, of which F.M. Earl Haig is President, was inaugurated on November 11, 1921, and is daily adding names to its roll of honourable men and women who are meeting their obligations to those who defended them in the critical years of 1914-1918.

The League is a body of public spirited men and women who have agreed to subscribe an annual donation according to their means to Earl Haig's appeal, with a view to assuring an annual income to meet the drain upon funds which will continue for many years.

Members are entitled to have embossed or printed on their stationery the Seal of the Remembrance League, a fact which denotes that the users are paying their quota of the debt of honour.

A CERTIFICATE of Membership will be sent to each member, and it is hoped that these will be displayed to friends, clients, customers, and others with a view to increasing the membership of a movement with most worthy objects.

The sentiment of the League appeals to business houses large and small, because the businesses of their country were saved by men who risked all during 1914-1918. It appeals, for a similar reason, to private residents, because had this country been invaded, their homes would have been despoiled.

REMEMBRANCE which is practical helps men who are destitute, but remembrance which is merely mental is akin to insincerity, for it ignores the claims these men have on each of us.

The League is yet in its infancy, but already Committees are being formed in all counties and important towns whose duties will be to bring the objects of the Remembrance League to the notice of the inhabitants of those areas. Applications for membership should be addressed to the Organising Secretary, Appeals Department, British Legion, 1, Regent Street, London, W. 1.

Assured a Living:—The Legion does what it can to re-establish ex-Service men in civilian life. Through our Unity Relief, it came to the aid of fourteen men who have been started in a scheme of trading in cloth goods, through clothing clubs. They make periodical visits to villages in the Northern District. The scheme has been in operation for about nine months, and the men have been assured a livelihood.

Set Going in Business:—After he came back from the war, a Grimsby ex-Service man tried to re-start his business. He had just got going nicely when the coal strike intervened, and then the period of trade depression set in. Things were going from bad to worse until we lent him money to repurchase stock and to re-establish his old connection. He is now doing very well indeed, and, lik all who receive loans from us, he is repaying the money in instalments, regularly. When he has repaid fully the amount will be lent to some other equally deserving case.

Pensions Restored:—Two years had been spent by a Bayswater man in a neurological hospital, but his health and disability showed no signs of improvement. In despair, he undertook treatment and training at his own expense. The Ministry of Pensions promptly deducted 50 per cent. of his award, because he was failing to carry out their treatment. We made representations, satisfied the authorities that under the new course the man was being properly looked after, and had the reduction restored.

Sleeping in Boxes:—In a rural district an old soldier, his wife and four children were in utter destitution, foodless and practically without furniture. Two young children were sleeping in boxes with leaves as bedding. Our branch, eight miles away, heard of their distress and gave immediate relief.

An Emigrant's Dilemma:—A holder of the D.C.M. and the M.M. arranged to emigrate with his family to Australia. According to regulations, he deposited the whole of his available money with the authorities. At the last moment, however, there was a hitch. He could not sail, and the little surplus he had in hand quickly became exhausted. As the weeks rolled by the family had nothing to live on. We tided him over his difficulties, and from the land of the Southern Cross he now writes to express his gratitude for the timely aid.

The Cupboard was Bare:—Can anyone imagine a more pitiable case than this: An ex-Service man, with a wife and six kiddies, is destitute after prolonged unemployment—clothes in pawn, and scarcely a crust in the cupboard. His pride would not allow him to lay bare his unhappy circumstances before his ex-Service pals in the Legion. However, they heard of them and promptly gave him help. "Goodness knows what I would have done this week had you not come along," were his words when we called.

Treatment in the Swiss Alps:—The only hope of saving the life of a certain London man was, said a medical specialist, that he should go to Switzerland. The Pensions Ministry thought otherwise: Bournemouth was quite good enough. So he went to the South Coast and got worse and worse. Certain influence he tried to exert failed to impress the authorities, and it was not until he unfolded his distress to us that the Pensions Ministry could be persuaded to change their attitude. The man is now in Switzerland and is improving in health.

Arrears of £100:—For five years an ex-Service man who lives in Bowes Park tried to get a pension. He had numerous Medical Boards, and it was not until June of last year that he got an award. Since then he has been trying by devious means to get the pension antedated, but without success. He placed the facts before the Legion, which got busy. Within three weeks the Pensions Ministry conceded the point, and the man received, as arrears, a nice little nest-egg of close upon £100.

Help for the Stage:—During the war the stage gave freely of its talent to entertain the ex-Service men. Since the Armistice it has helped greatly in the raising of funds for the benevolent work of the Legion, little dreaming that some of its own ranks would call upon us for assistance. A music-hall artiste had for some time been unable to find an engagement, and had not the wherewithal to provide clothes, music, and other accessories of the stage. The Legion placed him on his feet again, and now he is on the road to prosperity.

Good Business:—As a protest against the continued presence of the Sinn Fein and Red Flags in the parish church at Thaxted there was a local demonstration the other day, and a collection was made on behalf of Earl Haig's appeal, an appreciable sum being raised—to the satisfaction of Captain Barbrook, the organiser, and no doubt the chagrin of the Vicar, who seems to toy with possible revolution.

Our Daily "Thank You":—"My thanks and appreciation for the splendid help the Legion gave me. My thanks are but poor payment for your efforts. I am very grateful for what you have got for me—the means of keeping my children in respectable circumstances through their tender years until they are old enough to fight their own battles." This from a Liverpool widow who, through us, obtained 26s. 8d. per week for herself for life and 23s. 6d. per week for her children until they reach the age of 16.

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No. 7.

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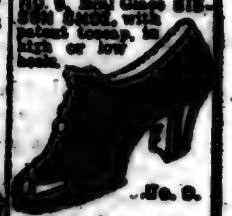

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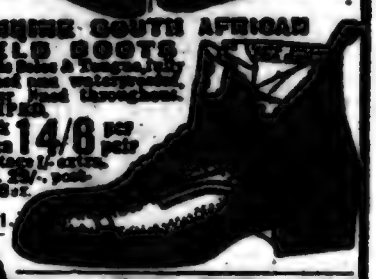

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GENT.'S HIGH GRADE BROGUE SHOES, All leather. Black or Brown. **10/6** Sizes 6½ to 11 Post 1/- ex. Also in DERBY or OXFORD Style.

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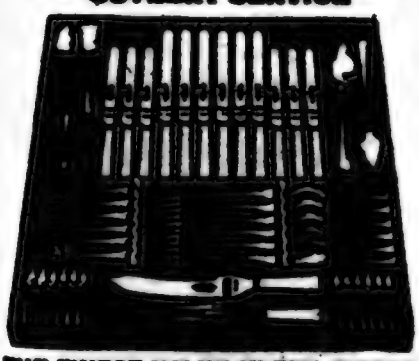

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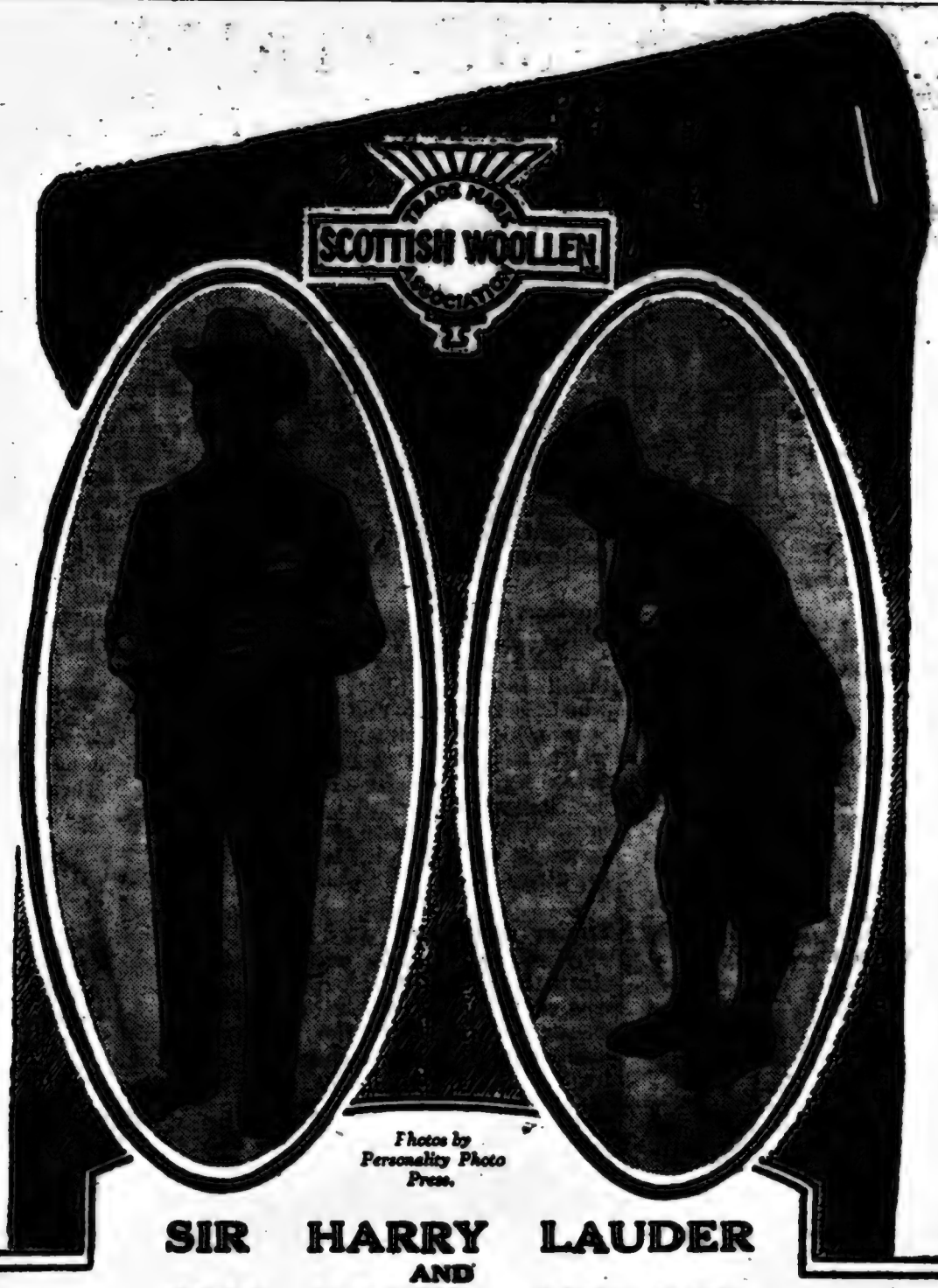

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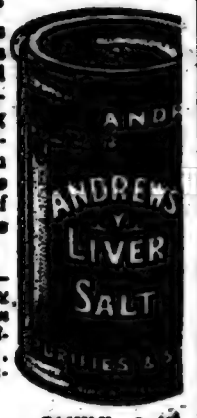

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MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

Rubber Shares.

Many of my readers hold Rubber shares, and ask me what to do with them. In the case of producing companies, my general advice is to hold on. It is a rare thing for an estate to show a profit in these days, with rubber selling in the vicinity of 7d. a pound, but I do not expect this condition of things to continue indefinitely. Restriction of crops and improvement in trade will ultimately produce their effect, while the reduction of working costs is gradually being brought about in all plantations as well as in overhead charges at home.

Another Warning.

The *Financial Times* does well to issue a warning against the Small Investors' Share Exchange, which is trying to find subscribers to monthly and fortnightly "pools" which it promises to open on the Stock Exchange. Its circulars do not indicate the stocks or shares in which it proposes to ope ate. It would be the maddest kind of folly to entrust the firm with any cash.

Trading Anomalies.

There are notable peculiarities about the reports of some companies now appearing. In the case of Dewar and Buchanan, the whisky blenders, a dividend of 25 per cent. free of tax is declared. In the case of Booth's Distillery there is no dividend, an unimportant loss being reco ded. Turning to tobacco, I find Carreras almost doubling its profits, while R. & J. Hill has had an unprofitable year. The difficulties of forward buying and of more or less skilful advertising may be indicated, but there seems to be a mystery about it all.

A Garbled Quotation.

The *Financial London Mail* is at liberty to quote me if it likes, but it should do so fairly. Here is a cutting from its issue of May 20th:—

> Uroz shares have lately been boomed from 4s. 9d. to about 13s. apiece, and it is quite on the cards that they may go higher.—JOHN BULL.

I did use those words, but I went further, adding that "I recommend caution. It must not be overlooked that they are of only 10s. denomination, so they are already at a substantial premium—whereas the company, whatever its prospects, has not yet returned a dividend." The *Financial Mail* has indulged in what looks like a deliberate distortion of my meaning.

About Ourselves.

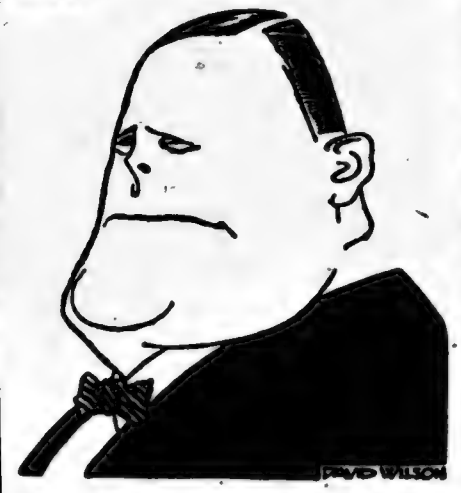
Odhams Press Limited reports a profit of £148,668 for the past year, and pays an 8 per cent. dividend on the ordinary shares. The company owns JOHN BULL, which has contri uted its quota to this happy result.

What Next?

It is astonishing that I should still be receiving inquiries as to whether it is desirable to have dealings with Graham, Marsh & Co., Ltd., of Imperial Buildings, 56, Kingsway, W.C. 2. Of course it isn't. A "bucket-shop" makes its living out of the supposedly disinterested advice it gives its clients.

Down Among the Dead Men.

Another of the one-ship companies is apparently doomed. It is the Sandon Shipping Co., Ltd., of Cardiff, whose boat, the *Euterpe* cost £100,000. It is now worth only £25,000. The National Provincial and Union Bank has lent £34,000 on it and wants its money back. Also the Inland Revenue is threatening action to recover £20,000, alleged to be due for income tax, E.P.D., and corporation tax. We have lately seen some big shipping companies on the rocks. These little ones seldom re-float.



SIR ERIC GEDDES is one of the £10,000 a year men—and probably much more—whom Lord Ashfield wants to see multiplied. It is reported that he is to be the new Chairman of the Dunlop Company. He has already been Railway Manager, Major-General, Vice-Admiral, Member of Parliament, Cabinet Minister, and economy axe-wielder-in-chief to the Government of all the spendthrifts. He will have a big job with Dunlops, which last year lost over eight millions, but it is a great concern and will recover. The ordinary shares rose 1s. 6d. on the announcement.

THE Financial Editor will always be pleased to answer questions from readers and to have from them copies of prospectuses and circulars they may receive inviting them to part with money.

Communications should be addressed to

The Financial Editor,
JOHN BULL,
93, *Long Acre,*
London, W.C. 2.

Correspondents desiring a reply by post should enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

A Mayoral Financier.

Mr. George Hills, of 113, Newington Causeway, S.E., is apparently Mayor of Southwark, and he runs, in conjunction with two others of similar name (probably his sons), a business dealing with "investment securities." By means of circulars, the firm are endeavouring to sell shares in a speculative Texan undertaking called the Packers Oil Company. I don't find the concern mentioned in the standard reference books, and I should hardly describe its shares as "investment securities." I should let the Mayor and his partners keep the lot. If they were on a really good thing they would not be so anxious to let the public share.

The Morison Trust.

Several correspondents have asked me questions concerning the Morison Trust, of 38–39, Piccadilly, W., which offers to lend money to small traders at 6 per cent. I do not at present know enough to express an opinion, but Mr. H. W. Weston, the "Bursar and Treasurer," has promised me an appointment in a few days' time, and I shall then pass on my opinion to my correspondents. No doubt they can hold their hands till then.

Stock Exchange Advertising.

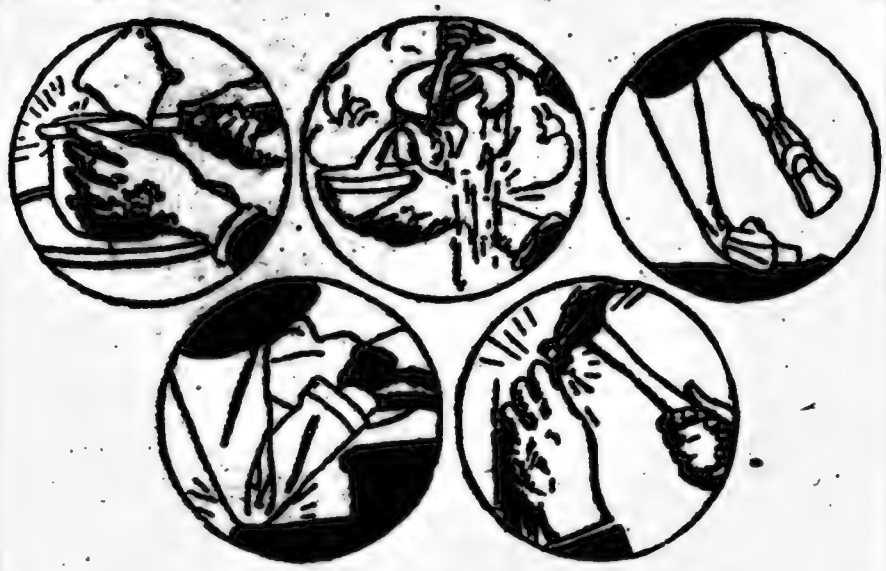
Discussion is again rife on the question of Stock Exchange advertising. The Committee remains opposed to it, and opinion amongst the members is divided. For my part, I am strongly in favour of it, if only as a safeguard for the public. At present the outsiders enjoy all the advantages of publicity, and amongst them are some very bad eggs indeed. If members of the House were permitted to advertise, individually or collectively, or both, I feel confident that the outsiders, being unable to claim membership as a credential, would find their wings considerably clipped.

African Farms.

The High Commissioner of the Union of South Africa has drawn attention to the advertisements of some companies offering fruit lands for sale in that part of the world. I have often been asked my opinion of these concerns, and it has always been unfavourable. Not that I allege dishonesty against the companies, but because I think that no investor should embark his money on such ventures without definite and expert knowledge. The High Commissioner is to be congratulated on his communication.

A Gilt-Edged Security.

A gilt-edged security which will pay handsome dividends in case of fire or accident in the home is JOHN BULL'S Free Home Insurance. It is a nice little nest-egg in case of misfortune. Better register to-day than regret to-morrow.



You run the risk every day

The home accidents illustrated above are not ones that always happen to other people—they are ones that are likely to happen to you every day. "JOHN BULL" pays up to £6 per week for six weeks for Home Accidents. Don't wait until something happens and then regret that you didn't fill in the forms below. Sign to-day—it's extravagance *not* to register!

What JOHN BULL Pays

Household Benefits.

£100—damage by fire.
£200—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£200 in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£200—damage by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.
£200—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or £250 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£20—Medical Fees.
£3 per week for both or £2 per week for either up to 6 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum paid during re-instatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home, Garden, Hotel, or Boarding House.

£250—loss of life. Man and wife, £500.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to six weeks for disablement by fracture.
Man and wife £5 per week.
£2 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.
Man and Wife £3 per week.

You can post your Coupon for ½d. now. Sign to-day!

CUT HERE

J.B., 10.6.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre London, W.C. 2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull" Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. Date..... A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B., 10.6.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name or Newsagent) .....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Address in CAPITALS. Date.....

823 Insurance Claims Paid.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA Friendly Society. Est. 1843.
Profits Divided amongst the Policy Holders
Claims Paid £16,500,000
Invested Funds.. £10,000,000
Annual Income £3,500,000
All our Branch Offices and Agents transact National Health Insurance. ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.
Chief Office: 37, ST. ANDREW ST., LONDON, E.C.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!
WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?
Newest patterns in Metal and Wood Bedding, Wire Mattresses Cots, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home IN PREFERENCE TO COMPETITORS. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH or speedy quick payments in Monthly Instalments.
Established 35 years.
CHARLES RILEY, Dept. 16, Steer St., Birmingham.
Please mention "JOHN BULL" when writing for lists.

Save Teeth—in Nature's Way

Teeth start to decay when attacked by the acids due to fermenting food. Nature tries to neutralise these acids with the saliva of the mouth, which is alkaline.

But the saliva alone is not enough to counteract the acid-forming powers of modern diet. It needs assistance.

That is just what Gibbs Dentifrice gives.

The simple act of applying a wet brush to the fragrant pink cake liberates a neutralising force. Then brushing the teeth distributes it over the tooth surfaces, into every tiny crevice of the teeth and mouth.

Thus the polishing agent of Gibbs Dentifrice does its work thoroughly and harmlessly; the saponaceous base removes the greasy deposit from the teeth; essential oils refresh and purify the mouth, which is brought again to its natural alkaline condition. So Gibbs Dentifrice saves teeth in Nature's way—the safe and sure way.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—Defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

Large size, 1/- De Luxe, 1/6. Popular size, 7½d.
Refills for above 11d. Tubes, 7½d. and 1/-

From your Chemist.

free! Generous sample of Gibbs Dentifrice and the fascinating Ivory Castle FairyBook. Send 2d. stamp for postage with coupon attached.

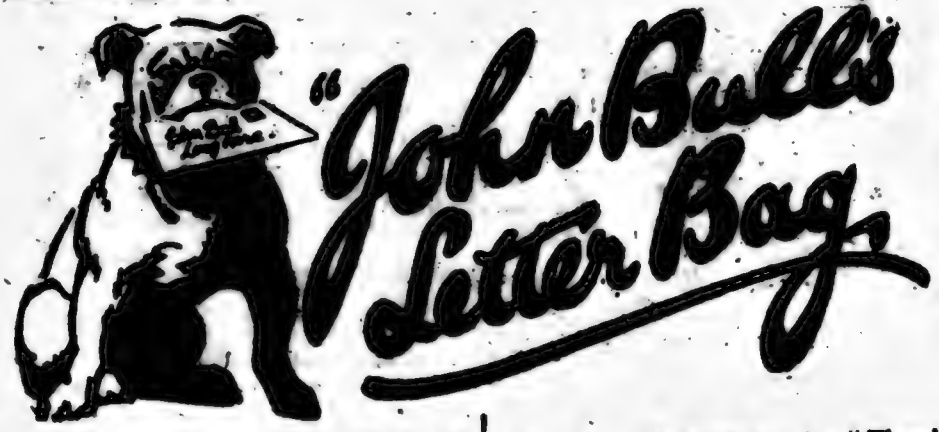
Snip off Coupon NOW!

Name _____

Address _____

_____

D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. 2313) Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1



CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*

Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Driven to Death." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

Legal enquiries should be addressed to the Legal Editor, and those of general interest will be dealt with in the columns of the paper. Correspondents desiring an answer by post should enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

G. I. (Epsom).—"You should not believe all you hear." Perhaps not; but neither should you make a habit of deafness.

E. S. (Reading).—We refuse even to think about the Einstein theory with the thermometer at 80 in the shade. Go to!

M. O. S. (Bath).—You are not going to ask Pierrette to "crush you with kisses" in this paper—at any rate, not while you try to rhyme "neck" with "break."

J. T. (Maidenhead).—We accept your assurance that Councillor Grimes "does not represent the common-sense people of Maidenhead." We never supposed that he did.

STUNG (Birmingham).—You may know what your own grievance is, but the mass of verbiage in which you have wrapped it up has prevented us from discovering it.

A. W. (Bradford).—Perhaps you are right in advocating "a close season for pianists." We never find that music soothes our savage breast when we are trying to work.

D. H. (Penzance).—We have received your alleged funny story, but you forgot to enclose a microscope with it to help us in detecting the point. An oversight, we presume?

MRS. K. (Surbiton).—You should not be so suspicious, or you will suffer agonies of jealousy every time you hear your husband saying he must buy a new ribbon for his typewriter.

E. C. B. (Tunbridge Wells).—Yes, we noticed that Mr. Justice Horridge objects to "servants" being described as "maids." Rather unusual for a wearer of legal horsehair to want a spade called a spade.

G. S. (Sydney, Australia).—If you wanted your sonnet to keep during the long journey you should have frozen it. Thanks for good wishes. We think you will agree that we have done something to deserve 'em since your letter was posted.

THE HON. SECRETARY MALTHUSIAN LEAGUE informs us—apropos of our recent criticism of Mr. Stewart of Chancery Lane—that, although great use is made by him of the name of the League, he has no connection whatever with it. We are glad to hear it.

P. R. (Walthamstow).—"There's nothing like water in the hot weather." Unless, of course, it's beer.

A. J. B. (St. Albans).—Many thanks for putting your case "in a nutshell." It should be safe enough there.

CLICKED (West Ham).—You grumble because it cost you nearly thirty pounds to get married. Why, some people would pay that to keep single!

LITTLE SYLVIA (Leighton Buzzard).—"Wedding presents are a nuisance. I seem to have them every month." You shouldn't get married so often. Or do you mean you have to give them?

DISCHARGED SOLDIER (Weston-super-Mare).—"I and my wife were turned out of our rooms by our landlord for the crime of playing the gramophone at mid-day!" Sorry. May he never own a pianola, the dirty dog!

D. W. (Manchester).—Dean Inge's opinion of Mr. Arnold Bennett and other modern novelists only interests us as might that of a cave-dweller as to which make of motor-car is the best.

G. M. (Hythe).—We share your admiration for Marconi, but do not agree that "there are now no wireless wonders left for him to perform." May we point out that he has not yet invented a wireless clothes-line.

BACHELOR (Weybridge).—"Women are nought to me." Well, you're lucky. To some of us they're about minus seventeen.

REV. R. L. R. (Llanishen, nr. Cardiff):—Very glad to hear that the Rev. C. Stafford Jones, Rector of Stoke Goldington, upon hearing that the husband of the old parishioner whose case we recently mentioned had been charged double fees for interment in the Churchyard—because she had just before removed to another parish—refunded the bereaved and poverty-stricken husband more than the extra charge. Such a light should not be hidden under a bushel.

MAUDIE (Manchester).—"You can judge a lady by her underclothes." Solomon, forward!

K. MACDONALD (Edinburgh).—The Secretary of the Lawn Tennis Association is Mr. H. A. Sabelli, 49, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

G. G. (Bolton).—"I hope you are fighting for the workmen." We are now in the 836th round, and going strong.

G. W. (Battersea).—"On the death of an owner are all horses entered for races in his name automatically scratched?" They are.

SOLDIER ON STREET DUTY (Belfast).—"The special constables in Belfast try to raise trouble with people who would not hurt a fly. They should be disbanded." We are going further into this matter.

YOUNG ENGINEER (Battersea).—"It makes me sick to see sycophants take off their hats when 'God Save the King' is played." And if you lived in Canada, Australia, or South Africa and you didn't take off your hat, you *would* be sick.

C. M. WATERFORD (Sunderland).—"How much does JOHN BULL contribute to the 'Greatest of These' weekly?" Just ask an advertising man the advertising value of the page we give to this appeal. And we pay all the expenses, which is a nice round sum.

KIRKFORD (Sussex).—Bachelor's Button beat Pretty Polly in the Ascot Gold Cup in 1906, and this was her last race.

C. B. R. (Nottingham).—"If you want to see blatant unmorality, you ought to come here any Saturday night." We aren't passionately anxious to see unmorality, but if ever we are, we'll call on your little burg.

TEACHER (Glasgow).—"Why should one class ride in expensive motor cars and the other class toil on the road?" You've missed a class, haven't you? For example, we do neither, but we're paying taxes with the best of 'em.

DESPAIR

"I AM IN DESPAIR. . . . No friend to whom I can turn for advice or help. . . ."

SO ran a tragic letter read at the inquest of a suicide. Men get that way—women and young people pass through that stage of blank hopelessness. If you who read these lines are in such a state of mind, write to "Humanist." He is a famous novelist, one of the band of brilliant men JOHN BULL has gathered about him. Write to "Humanist" when the blackness of despair is in your heart, when you have no friend to whom you can turn—write freely and intimately, as you would not write to your dearest friend. Nobody will see your letter but "Humanist." He will answer promptly. Whoever you be, peeress or servant girl, professor or road sweeper, your passport to his help is the degree of your helplessness.

Mark your letter "Private" and address it to "Humanist," JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2. Write frankly. You need not give your own name; you may write from an accommodation address. "Humanist" does not want to know who you are—he wants to help.

LESSER LIGHT (York).—"The ways of butchers are past understanding." But oh, the Milky Ways of the Milkmen!

INTERESTED (Clacton).—"Is 'Saints and Sinners' written by the same person every week?" Use your eyes, boy.

MANY CAN HELP ONE (Colchester).—"If everybody in England would send a penny to JOHN BULL's fund, you would have over £160,000." There's a great mathematician lost in you, mum.

M. M. M. (Glasgow).—"Ireland must be free." We agree. And we can tell you a few things it should be free from.

H. (Leicester).—Grey Monk was unplaced at York in the Great Northern Handicap won by First Wheat on May 16th.

SOLDIER BOY (Leeds).—"Is it true that the conchies got a home service medal?" Yes, the order of the S.O.S.—"Shirks on soldiering."

NIMBLE (Huddersfield).—"What is 'a trainer's selected'?" That horse which starts at the shortest price.

PERCY (Hoxton).—In many ways it is better to be poor than ill." If you can think of any way that isn't better, send us a wire.

ALBERT (Goole).—"Why do they call it 'Lovely Lingfield'?" Because, Albert, it is situated in the village of Lingfield, and it is lovely.

RETIRED (Plymouth). — "Genius has no chance in the navy; mediocrity is exalted." Thinking of Jutland and "Jelly's" peerage?

ADA (Letchworth).—"In the days of the war everybody said, 'The women are splendid!' but now the women are ended." And yet, Ada, we still hear whispers of their splendour.

QUEER CUSS (Taunton).—"What is the actual distances in inches from St. Paul's Cathedral to Westminster Abbey?" Sorry, we have only measured it in millimetres.

M. L. R. (Chester).—"Give me a thousand pounds and I'll make twenty in a month." Sorry; the last man whom we gave a thousand hasn't come back with the change.

DONE BROWN (Woolwich).—"I don't believe in charity; I wouldn't give a sou to your fund or any other." We have included your name in our "Littlest of These" list.

WORKING GIRL (Brecon).—"My friends sneer because I have named my baby 'Bombardier.'" And when your baby grows up he'll do a bit of sneering, too. Why didn't you make him a full corporal whilst you were about it?

G. F. (Bristol).—"Ask the Government about Avonmouth and the money they've wasted there." At the moment we are not on speaking terms with the Government, but when we make it up. . . .

MR. DAVID PRATT (111, Harold Road, Upton Park, E.).—Glad to hear that in your retirement, "first time out of work in 53 years," you have found "Bullets" is "too fascinating a hobby to relinquish." Winning the first prize with your own effort will no doubt encourage you and yours to try again.

TEMPLE BELL (Bow, E.).—"I bathe regularly every third Sunday; I think that is quite enough." You can't be disinfected for "thinking."

MOTHER (Salcombe).—"We like JOHN BULL in its new form. Is it a new paper, or the same?" It is the same new paper as of old, only different.

PENSIONER (Brighton).—"If they hung a few newspaper journalists it would be a good thing for the country." Depends on which country you have in mind.

(*More replies on pages 25 and 26.*)

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

TOM-TIT (Lincoln).—"I never read any appeal in your columns for our Cathedral?" And you're not likely to. There are too many human creatures in need of repair for us to worry about bricks and stones.

WEAVER (Lagos, W. Africa).—"You ought to come out here to see Government mismanagement." We can see all that we want from our office window; thank you all the same.

NUT (Southampton).—"Could I learn French in six months?" Depends entirely upon the size and capacity of your nut.

MIKE (Oldham).—"Couldn't you run a campaign against bigoted Roman Catholicism in Ireland?" Judging by your letter you're a bit of a bigot yourself, Mike, and bigotry of any kind is poisonous to us.

LEX (Buxton).—"Civilisation reels at the modern dress of women." And we dither at your stupendous dogmatism.

FEN MAN (Norfolk).—"Would you like to invest a little capital in a poultry farm I am starting?" Don't make us laugh; we have cracked lips!

SCOT (Dalmeny).—"I should like to send you a word of praise." You have our gracious permission. But when you do send, put a stamp on your letter, Sandy; you omitted this formality last time.

FARM HAND (Devizes).—"Can you tell me some horses to follow?" You can't do much better than follow the horses that pull a plough. Ha, ha!

JOHNNY WALKER (Dundee).—"The jute lords are the real aristocracy of Scotland." What about the Clyde Counts and the Marmalade Marquesses and the Herring Earls?

B. L. MCKIE (Newcastle).—"What is the most striking result of prohibition in America?" The most striking result, Mac, is that there has been a great falling-off in the number of people who thought they could sing.

A. E. H. (Glasgow).—The military people simply ask for your size in hat and boots because you ask for a pension to which you are not entitled. A way they have in the Army.

W. N. C. (Putney).—So you have had the good fortune to break your leg. Worth it, isn't it, when JOHN BULL pays you £3 per week?

MILLS (Coventry).—"I think Lloyd George would be returned by a overwhelming majority."—Yes; and we have a shrewd idea who would be overwhelmed.

JESSIE (Stirling).—"Low sinks the sun in the eastern sky, I see my own true hero die." What's the matter with the sun up your way?

NOBODY'S CHILD (Greenwich).—"Never forget that Nelson was born at Greenwich." We shan't. And why? Because he was born at Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk, September 29th, 1758. You're thinking of Admiral Whitebait.

WILLIAM LAMCUM (Bolton).—"There is certainly one law for the rich and another for the poor." You're right, William—but it is much more expensive for the rich.

MRS. G. (Aldershot).—"We are still paying 2s. 6d. a hundredweight for rubbishy coal." Dirt dear, we should call it.

(More replies on page 26.)

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 450.

WHEN PRINCE RETURNS
MIXED BATHING
BROADCASTING
THOUSAND TO ONE
SILK STOCKINGS
A HOT TIME
GETTING USED TO IT
A DUCK
WHEN BUBBLE BURSTS
MOTORING
SAINTS AND SINNERS
AMATEUR GARDENER
FOR BETTER OR WORSE
LITTLE WILLIE
BEFORE THE FIGHT
YOU BET
A DIFFERENT STORY
LISTENING
CHEER UP
FLAPPER'S FIRST THOUGHT
SEASIDE SWEETHEART
MERE MAN
WOULDN'T BE MISSED
A FLAT
ALL WE NEED
PROSPEROUS TIMES
THE BEST WIFE
FIRST LIE
KNOCKED ON THE HEAD
AFTER MY HEART
OUR LODGER
TIGHT AND LOOSE
MODERN WEAPONS
MODEST MAID
GOOD FOR COUNTRY
PRETTY GENERAL
INSURING THE HOME
PERFECT CURE
GRATIS
ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN
MY HOPE

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judge, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Allfour coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty-one examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The Entry Fee for one Coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a Postal Order at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon made use of.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 15.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(450) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 15.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(4 50) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 450, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 15.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(450) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, June 15.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(450) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 450 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

FOR RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 446 SEE PAGE 26.

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the first prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 447, can now be seen in the window of Mr. G. POWELL, Newsagent, 17, Pinshot Road, Upton Manor, E. 13.

THIS WEEK OVER 6,000 PRIZES VALUE £1750 MUST BE WON!

JOHN BULL

Greatest FREE Home Insurance

MORE CLAIMS PAID

Total Now 823

THE fact that JOHN BULL is paying long lists of Insurance Claims every week shows that it offers REAL benefits, not imaginary ones. Read the list of Claims paid below. Think how easily one of these accidents might have befallen you or your home, and you will realise how necessary it is to insure now.

Remember, JOHN BULL offers you many benefits that you cannot secure under any other Free Insurance scheme. It is better to insure with JOHN BULL to-day than to be sorry you didn't to-morrow. Turn to page 23 and fill up the Coupons while you think of it. Now that the postal rates are reduced, you can post your Registration Form for ½d.

FIRE

W. M. JONES, Stationery Stores, Coleford, Nr. Bath. Fire damage to clothes. £2.

R. C. STEWART, Brook Vale, Union Mills, I. of Man. Fire damage to clothes. £1.

Mrs. E. J. LONG, 43, Ingatestone Road, South Norwood. Fire damage to bedding. £1 10s.

HOME ACCIDENTS

£3 PER WEEK

(Fractured Rib).
J. BLACKBURN, King's Road, Brentwood.

£1 PER WEEK

(Bruised Leg).
Mrs. J. COLLINS, Clarke's Nurseries, Priory Lane, Putney, S.W.

(Injured Ankle).
Mrs. F. CORBOLD, 67, Chilton Street, Rotherhithe, S.E. 16.

(Burns to Face and Shock).
Mrs. E. M. DORRILL, 1, Elm Road, Folkestone.

(Bruised Thigh and Hip Joint).
Mrs. J. DYSON, 8, Fern Lea, Sower-by-Bridge.

(Scalded Arm).
Mrs. W. R. ENGLAND, 396, Wells Road, Knowle, Bristol.
Mrs. F. COTTEN, 384, Southampton Road, Eastleigh.

(Injured Back).
W. H. HIGGINS, 10, Montgomery Street, Bradford;
Mrs. A. HIBBERD, 65, Chapel Street, Handsworth, Birmingham.

(Injured Eye).
Mrs. K. HENHAM, 8, Range Road, Gravesend.

(Injured Foot).
Mrs. C. KERR, 59, Wellington Street, Winson Green, Birmingham.

(Septic Finger).
Mrs. A. LEWIS, 18, Cork Street, Eccles, Nr. Maidstone.
Mrs. E. WOODCRAFT, 291, Lynton Road, Bermondsey, S.E. 1.

(Sprained Hand).
Mrs. E. ANDREWS, 41, Perryfield Street, Maidstone.

(Septic Thumb).
H. W. ROOKARD, Harts Cottage, Ardleigh.

(Scalded Leg).
Mrs. F. G. LLOYD, Kildonan House, Bryn Road, Cwmllynfell, Glam.

(Bruised Ankle).
J. R. TAIT, 7, Bog Houses, Hartford, Northumberland.

(Septic Hand).
Mrs. BROWN, 13, Ardgowan Place, Kingston Street, Glasgow.

(Cut Neck).
F. J. EMMS, 32, St. Mary's Road, Cromer.

(Bruised Ribs).
R. SNOWDEN, 39, Dog Bank, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

(Cut on Head).
Mrs. WILKIE, 72, Murano Street, Glasgow.

(Cut Hand).
J. BELL, 43, Cliff Boulevard, Kimberley, Notts.

(Cut Thigh).
Mrs. H. E. HOLEHOUSE, 71, Wellington Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

(Scalp Wound and Shock).
Mrs. A. HUNT, 33, Ashenden Road, Clapton Park, E. 5.

(Dislocated Wrist).
Mrs. W. LILLEY, 13, Nursery Street, Market Rasen, Lincs.

(Sprained Wrist).
Mrs. E. LEE, 1, Crowle Avenue, Wyke Street, Hedon Road, Hull.
F. BARBER, 32, King's Road, Leiston, Suffolk.
Mrs. WOODHOUSE, 4, Railway Cottages, Bagshot.
Mrs. A. GREEN, 17, Heygate Street, Walworth Road, S.E.

(Strained Back).
Mrs. D. PRESCOTT, 34, Stapley Road, Belvedere, Kent.
A. STINTON, 72, Limes Road, Tettenhall, Wolverhampton.

(Injured Arm).
Mrs. M. Lewis, 47, Hills Yard, Meadow Lane, Leeds.

(Scalded Legs).
J. HIRST, 2, Station Terrace, Walmer.

(Injured Knee).
Mrs. E. REYNOLDS, 6, School House, Hackenthorpe, Nr. Sheffield.

(Strained Rib Muscles).
Mrs. S. J. WIGNALL, 83, High Park Road, Southport;

(Bruised Hand).
Mrs. H. ROSS, 27, Sandringham Street, Gorton, Manchester.

(Injured Hand).
B. E. BEATON, 434, Newport Road, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

(Burns on Wrist and Hand).
J. MAYALL, "Burfield," 26, St. Paul's Road, Gloucester.

(Injured Leg).
C. V. BELL, Station Street, Holbeach, Lincs.

The above amounts are being paid, where claimants are eligible, plus the 5 per cent. bonus.

All readers registered under the old "JOHN BULL" fire insurance scheme should be SURE and re-register under the new, as all registrations prior to May 3rd, 1922, are now cancelled.

"JOHN BULL" PAYS PROMPTLY.

G. S. C., 19, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C. 2.

"I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your cheque of Two Pounds in satisfaction of my claim under "JOHN BULL" Free Insurance, and take the opportunity of expressing my appreciation of your promptitude in dealing with this matter."

Sign NOW!—Forms on page 23.

THE TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

by W. S. CRAWFORD

ADVERTISING is selling more goods to more people to-day than ever before—and for a perfectly understandable reason: it is telling the truth.

Only that advertising is effective which is convincing; and the best way to convince is simply to tell the truth.

The firms of highest repute understand this perfectly, and they do not permit false or extravagant claims to be made over their names. When you behold one of their advertisements, you may accept it as trustworthy. If truth had not been their policy, dissatisfied customers would have undermined their business long ago.

Supported by the scrutiny which JOHN BULL gives to its own advertising pages every reader of this paper can purchase from advertisers with complete confidence.

The Shop Window

Clothes and the Man.

SIR HARRY LAUDER wrote an article in last week's issue on the main theme of most of his songs, entitled "Love the Teacher." Judging by the photos of him in S. A. Barry & Co.'s advertisement he is equally expert on dress and has joined the many thousands of JOHN BULL readers who buy their clothes from this firm.

A Pleasing Offer.

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD., back the statements they make regarding their dentifrice by offering a generous sample and a pretty book free to JOHN BULL readers sending 2d. stamp for postage.

A Cheap Tool Set.

PRYMAX TRADING CO. offer a set of strong British tools at the low price of 4s. 6d., post free. These are well-made, very compact and are excellent value.

Labour-saving Knives.

SMART BROS., Sheffield, advertise Firth's Stainless Steel knives at 14s. half dozen. for dessert, and 15s. table. These do not tarnish and do away with knife cleaning drudgery.

Easy Payments.

J. G. GRAVES, LTD., have built a huge business by offering good value at low prices on the instalment plan. Several of their lines are advertised regularly in JOHN BULL.

Small Ads. Worth Watching.

MANY small advertisements appear under this title, on page 3. These and all other trade announcements are covered by the JOHN BULL Guarantee.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(*Continued from p. 25*).

WILLIAM TELL (Shrewsbury).—"I have hunted every kind of game in the world, but nothing beats fox-hunting." Ever tried house hunting?

LONE STAR (Warwick).—"I want you to know that I was robbed of 30s. by three-card tricksters." Thanks for telling us. We won't mention it to a soul.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

IT should be noted that inquiries of ex-Service interest are still dealt with by our Military Department. Direct replies will be sent by post if desired, provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. All such inquiries should be addressed to the Military Editor, "John Bull" Offices, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 448.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mrs. EMMIE ALLEN,
The Varnish Works, Winford, Somerset.
Example:—MY INCOME TAX.
Bullet:—"WHOPPER" THAT INSPIRES OTHERS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Miss P. SAMBRIDGE,
6, Bailey Road, Wandsworth, S.W.18.
Example:—THE BRITISH NAVY.
Bullet:—INDISPENSABLE TO "LAND FORCES."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. G. BRADSHAW,
Admiralty Cottages, Arrochar, near Glasgow.
Example:—TURNING THE SCALES.
Bullet:—INSURANCE COMPANY PUBLISHES NEWSPAPER.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

H. JONES (Patient), Meathop Sanatorium, Grange-over-Sands.
A BABY—ATTRACTS CROWDS OF "INSPECTORS."
E. PARFIT, Sunnyhill, West Cliff, Herne Bay:
MADE TO ORDER—"THUNDER" IN FLEET STREET.
G. FORBES, 17, Campie Gardens, Musselburgh, near Edinburgh:
GOOD FOR US—SPENDING HABIT—IN OTHERS.
Miss I. HOWARTH, 44, Briercliffe Road, Chorley, Lancs.:
OPPORTUNITY'S DOOR—MAKING TOMMY'S KNUCKLES SORE.
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
W. CARDWELL, 7, Friars Terrace, Ludlow, Salop:
NOT SAFE—IRELAND, "WRONG SIDE UPPERMOST."
J. J. DAVIES, 5, Farm Street, Heywood, near Manchester:
WHEN FLAPPER MARRIES—EVERYTHING BUT HUSBAND "SPOILED."
E. J. BROOKS, 110, Barrington Road, Liverpool:
THE BRITISH NAVY—SMALLER, WITH BIGGER RESPONSIBILITIES.
C. HEYWOOD, 98, Rylance Street, Ardwick, Manchester:
BY EASY STAGES—CUSTOM BECOMES "UNWRITTEN LAW."
Mrs. S. SMITH, "Osborne," 51, Clevedon Road, Weston-super-Mare:
A BABY—EVERYBODY'S PICKING UP—WIRELESS.
K. PATTERSON, Norton House, Midsomer Norton, near Bath:
WHITE MAN'S BURDEN—WORLD PROBLEMS MUST REMAIN.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

F. BISHOP, 13b, Hill Top, West Bromwich:
THE BRITISH NAVY—BETTER SHIELD THAN DIPLOMACY.
L. BURRELL, Finkle Street, Thirsk, Yorks:
WHEN FLAPPER MARRIES—MOTTO "Two's COMPANY."
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
T. PARKIN, 4, Calder Street, Whitwood Mere, Castleford, Yorks:
GOOD FOR US—AMERICA THINKS TRADE CRUMBS.
T. KENT, 19, Trent Lane, Colwick Road, Sneinton, Nottingham:
READY—FOR WAR—PENNILESS RUSSIA.
Miss E. FARWELL, 12, West Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth:
A BIG RISK—LAWYER TELLS POOR CLIENT.
J. ARDLEY, 76, Mildmay Road, Chelmsford, Essex:
A COMEDY—LIFE—TO LOOKERS-ON.
W. GEAREY, 69, Naseby Road, Luton, Beds.:
RASHLY EARNED—POLICEMAN'S TIP GENERALLY.
S. C. SILLS, 2, Geddington Road, Strood, Kent:
GROWLING—INTERVALS BETWEEN DRAWING DOLES.
H. BISSELL, 13, Caledon Street, Pleck, Walsall:
MIXED UP—CLEVER PUGILIST'S MEDICINE.
G. COGGINS, 2, Lorne Road, Ramsgate, Kent:
BY EASY STAGES—CIVILISATION APPARENTLY SLIPPING BACK.

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 448 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all such and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

PATTERN of CAMI-KNICKERS

GIVEN AWAY FREE

inside

EVERYWOMAN'S

JUST OUT!

EVERY woman loves dainty undies, and that is why these pretty Cami-Knickers are sure to make a tremendous appeal. The shaped top of the Cami-part is as pretty as it is comfortable.

£250 WORTH OF FURNITURE FOR NOTHING

Get your Copy NOW!

There's a great rush for this

7/- PEN FREE!

Have you got yours?

THERE has been a big response to our great offer to give one of these Pens free to any reader who will get six of their friends to register for "JOHN BULL'S" Free Home Insurance. The benefits of this insurance are so valuable that no one can afford to be without it.

If you have not yet got your Pen, sign the coupon below and get this Insurance started this week. You cannot lose anything by so doing.

OUR FREE GIFT

This "John Bull" Fountain Pen is guaranteed to give satisfaction. It is a handsome pen, with a 14-carat gold nib, and is fitted with a screw cap. It is a pen that will last for years.

CUT THIS OUT.

To the Manager, Insurance Department, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me full particulars of your Offer of a 7/- "John Bull" Safety Fountain Pen Free.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp—don't seal envelope.

Wanted! A New Face

Haslam's face was his fortune, but once to every man there comes a day when money doesn't matter. Haslam lived to regret that people had said to him, "He makes an impression on you, but you certainly never may hope to make an impression on him!" "THE MAN WITH THE METAL FACE," by RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD, one of the 15 Best Stories of the month in the June "PAN," tells why Haslam wished to change his "head of bronze" for features of flesh and blood. It's a great and gripping yarn. Don't miss it!

This story alone is worth the shilling charged for "PAN," and there are 14 others of equal excellence.

How Many Stations to the Seaside?

Short and pleasant will be your journey to the seaside if you make "PAN" your travelling companion.

There's a magic in "PAN" stories that will hold you enthralled until your journey's end—and after.

In "PAN" you have the "15 best stories of the month"—stories for every mood—stories that are selected on their own merits, not on authors' reputations.

GET YOUR COPY TO-DAY

PAN

THE FICTION MAGAZINE

15 Stories for One Shilling.

A fine travelling companion.

Never a Day's Illness since Dr. Cassell's Tablets Restored Health and Activity.

Mrs. Strain.

Nine years ago, Mrs. Strain, St. Germain, St. Cuthbert, Ayrshire, said :—

"Dr. Cassell's Tablets have cured me of nerve failure of complete that for four years I was helpless in bed. My limbs were quite useless, I had utterly lost all power of movement, could not even lift a spoon. Helpless as I was though, I had pain that made me cry like a child sometimes, and I had fallen away almost to a shadow. No treatment did any good till I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then I soon found life returning first to my fingers and arms, and then to my whole body, and in two months I was up and about again, as well as ever. All who knew me were astonished."

Never a day's illness since.

Now Mrs. Strain says :—"I have never had a day's illness since Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me. It is nine years since, and I have been well and active all that time, with never a suspicion of the old trouble."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nerves, Weakness, Debility, Anæmia, Neuralgia, Kidney Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Headache, Nervous Indigestion, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Exhaustion, Nervous Depression.

Speedily Restores the Nerves and Gives the Natural Strength of Life.

Home Price, 2/9. 1/3 the smaller size. Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and be sure substitution.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets have revolutionised the treatment of Nerves.

That's what You want for Your Skin Trouble

Are you worried by eczema, which tortures you all day, and won't let you sleep at night? Are you disfigured by face spots? Are your hands red, rough, or cracked? Is there an itching rash on your back or chest? Have you a bad place on your leg that refuses to get better? There's a certain remedy for every one of these troubles. Antexema immediately stops all itching, and soon removes every blemish from your skin. Whatever your skin complaint, Antexema will cure it completely and permanently. Eczema, bad legs, bad hands, babies' skin troubles, pimples, rashes, and all irritated, inflamed or diseased skin conditions are conquered by Antexema. The healing process starts immediately, new skin begins to grow, every day you see a steady improvement, and soon every sign of skin illness disappears never to return. Antexema is not a greasy ointment. It is cleanly in use, invisible on the skin, and always succeeds. Why not begin your cure at once?

Get Antexema To-day

Antexema is supplied by all Chemists and Stores everywhere. Also at Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy Whites, and Lewis & Burrows, at 3s. and 1s. 3d., the larger size being the more economical; or post free, direct, 3s. and 1s. 6d. from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, S.W.9. Also Depositories: Sydney, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and Burma.

CICFA restores DIGESTION.

When you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home, it is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION. CICFA removes all that trouble because CICFA restores DIGESTION.

HERE IS THE REASON.

You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel, the Starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., is formed into little hard dry lumps, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation. Your Bile Circulation is defective. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel, and carried on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel.

Your blood becomes more impure, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must remove that Indigestion by restoring Digestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies, such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in Stomach Digestion, whilst you must be able to correct the errors at whatever stage they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa can do this, because Cicfa gradually restores Digestion along the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa ensures digestion of the Albuminous food in the Stomach and the Starchy food in the Bowel, improves the Bile Circulation, checks fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, aids and induces the formation of such Digestive Ferments as Nature requires.

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
Heavy Nightmare HEAD-ACHE.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white or yellow.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of cheek.
EATING distress. Sense of Fullness.
PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Pain between left Shoulder Blade.
GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Heavy Dull, Heavy HEAD-ACHE.
ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow or black.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING distrest or loathing.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

The following, like all our testimonials, were unsolicited :—

Bucklyrie, Stirlingshire.
9-6-19.

"Dear Sirs,—Please forward me another 3/- size bottle of Cicfa. It is wonderful stuff, and the last bottle I had has cured my Indigestion completely. I want this one for a friend.—Oblige yours gratefully, (Signed) J. C."

Cork, Ireland.
29th April, 1920.

"Dear Sirs,—Kindly send me a 3/- phial of Cicfa. This is my fourth. I find them simply splendid, and I suffered much from Flatulent Indigestion. I would not be without them for a good deal.—Yours faithfully, (Signed) F. B."

18,000 BRITISH DOCTORS *have taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need to write for a sample. You can purchase Cicfa and commence using it immediately.*

Sold Everywhere. Prices 1/3 and 3/.

THE CICFA CO., 8, Bale St., Manchester Sq., London, W.

John Bull, 10-6-22.